Jms Smith

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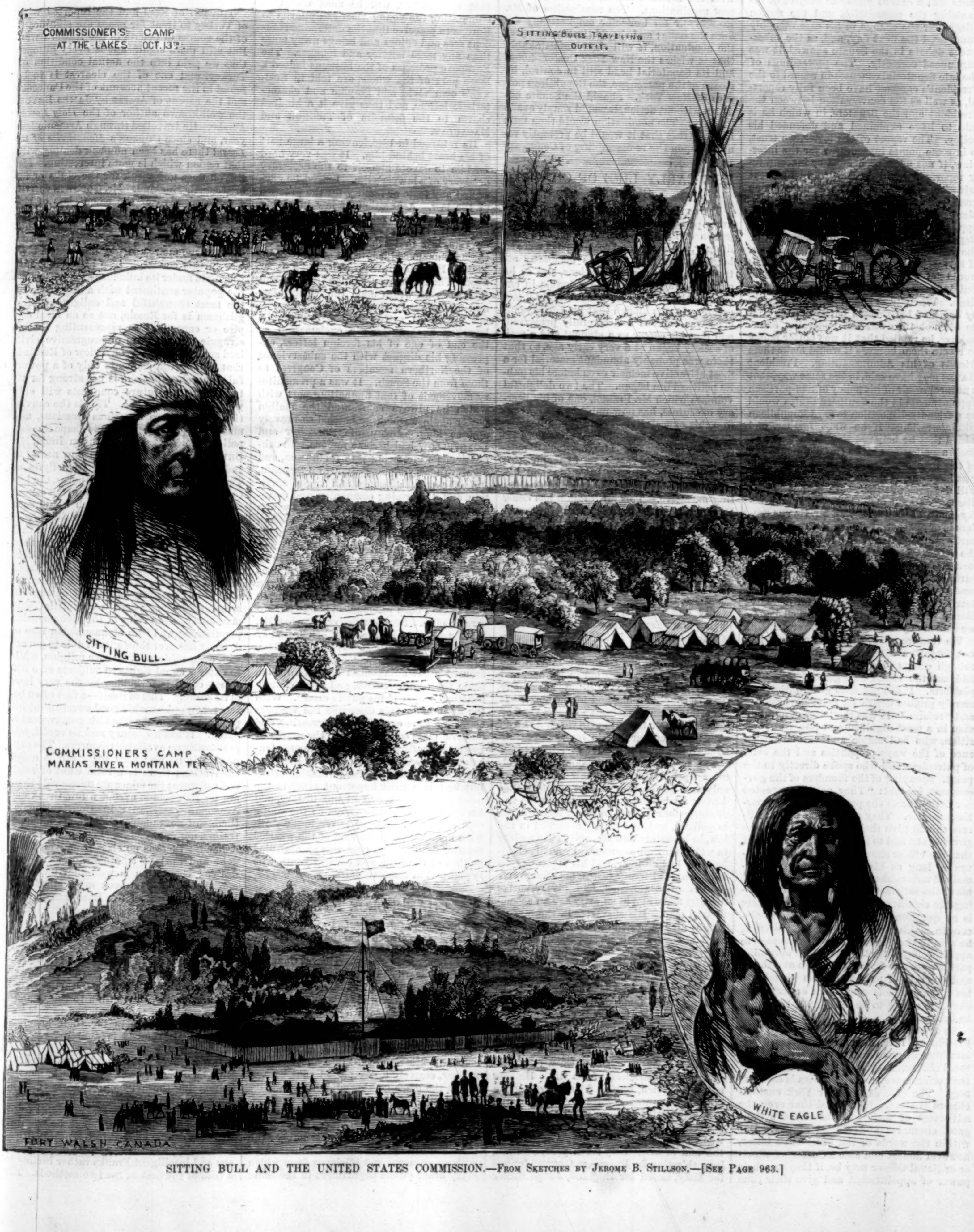

COMMISSIONER'S CAMP AT THE LAKES OCT. 13TH
SITTING BULLS TRAVELING OUTFIT.
SITTING BULL.
COMMISSIONERS CAMP MARIAS RIVER MONTANA TER.
WHITE EAGLE
FORT WALSH CANADA

SITTING BULL AND THE UNITED STATES COMMISSION.—FROM SKETCHES BY JEROME B. STILLSON.—[SEE PAGE 963.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, December 8, 1877.

The Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a further installment of* "Poor Zeph!" *a page of fishing sketches, and an Eastern War illustration.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE FALLIBILITY OF RUMOR.

It is understood that the action and debate of a Congressional caucus are generally correctly reported in the newspapers, but fortunately it is not always so. When Mr. Sumner was removed from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee, there was a caucus upon the subject of organizing the committees, and the reason alleged for the change in his case was duly announced the next day, and, as the subsequent debate in the Senate showed, it was announced correctly. The proceedings of the late Senatorial caucuses in regard to the President's conduct have been fully reported, as well as the conversation between the President and the Senators, in which he is said to have explained and defended his policy. The report of the latter, we trust, is in some points inaccurate; for the interview, if not misapprehended or inaccurately reported, would do the President great injustice, and might do his administration great mischief. It is stated that the President professed his purpose in the Southern appointments to be the building up of the Republican party and the disintegration of the Democratic party in the Southern States. If this were a true report, President Hayes would be following President Jefferson. But Jefferson was the most inflexible partisan. When Jefferson was reproached by some of his zealous party friends that he did not turn out the Federalist office-holders, he replied that it was better policy to retain them, because it would make them friends of his Administration. President Hayes may have said, in the same way, that a natural result of his policy of non-partisan appointments in the Southern States would be a friendly disposition toward Republican administration. If he went further, and added that he believed the consequence of such a policy would be the disintegration of the Democratic party in those States, he was unquestionably mistaken. That party will not break at the South except by the dissensions bred of its own power and ascendency. The service that Mr. Hayes renders is of another kind. It is patriotic, not partisan. But if President Hayes said, as the report alleges, that his object was, by means of the patronage, to break down one party and to build up another, he has surrendered as unequivocally as General Grant surrendered, and we shall wait for more evidence than has yet been furnished before we attach any importance to the statement.

We venture to say that the President has not forgotten his letter of acceptance, although others may have forgotten it. It had not the vague and general tone of a platform. It did not echo generalities, and merely profess desire for good government and "reform." It was the letter of a public man in a most dignified and important position, who had ample and varied experience of the ways of politics and the evils of patronage, and who spoke directly to the point. Speaking of the founders of the government, he said: "They neither expected nor desired from the public officers any partisan service. They meant that public officers should give their whole service to the government and to the people. They meant that the officer should be secure in his tenure so long as his personal character remained untarnished, and the performance of his duties satisfactory." There is no mistaking the significance of these words. There is no question that the President was sincere in making use of them. If, therefore, he said to the Senators that he intended to appoint officers for the purpose of obtaining partisan service from them in the overthrow and erection of parties, he has abandoned his ground. It is very much easier to believe the report to be inaccurate than that he has done this.

An attempt has been made to convict the President of inconsistency with his own declarations in removing officers whose "personal character remained untarnished," and the performance of whose duties is satisfactory. The case of the New York customs officers is cited. It is urged that even the advocates of their removal concede their good character and official ability. But within the words of the President's letter, however honest and able a Customs Collector or Naval Officer may be, if they use their power of appointment and give their time and labor to the management of politics, the performance of their duties is not satisfactory, for it tends directly to that "extravagance and official incapacity" which Mr. Hayes in the same letter described as part of the evil of the present system. If this reason for the nomination of other officers is not given in the letter which the Secretary of the Treasury is said to have written to Mr. Conkling, as chairman of the committee to which the nominations were referred, the omission is most singular and suggestive. The real reason for the removal of the Naval Officer, for instance, recognized by all who desire reform in the method of appointment, is not that he is dishonest or inefficient, but that he would execute a most important part of his official duty in a manner and for purposes which, in the opinion of the Administration, are prejudicial to the public service and to public morals. That reason has undoubtedly been stated frankly to the Senate, and if the Senate disagrees with the Administration, it will reject the new nominations. The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Collector emphatically defines the issue; and should the Senate reject the nomination, it will show unmistakably that it wishes the New York Custom-house and its Senatorial head still to control, by means of the patronage, the Republican politics of New York. Should the Senate adjourn without action, it would simply evade its duty. The nomination would then fall; but we trust that it would be promptly renewed upon the re-assembling of Congress.

THE EARLY LIFE OF CHARLES SUMNER.

It was the good fortune of Mr. Sumner to know personally almost every distinguished person of his time in every country. His literary, scholarly, and social tastes were so large and various that his sympathy attracted him in many directions, and as he always brought something valuable in exchange, the intercourse was mutually interesting. It was known that his correspondence was copious and carefully preserved, and that his career as a student and a man of society began at a very early age, so that there was probably abundant material for a most attractive memoir even before his public political life began. The two delightful volumes which Mr. Pierce, one of his literary executors, has now published fully confirm this expectation. Mr. Pierce has discharged his duty admirably. Nor does its difficulty appear. It is no easy task to master and digest a vast mass of manuscript material, and, skillfully selecting and excluding, to construct a flowing and fascinating narrative. This Mr. Pierce has done. It is indeed a beautiful portrait of youth that the volumes present. The young man with his candid nature and pure life, his earnest devotion to study and the best use of every hour, his thoughtful tenderness toward his family, his respectful deference to older friends, his generous affection for his comrades, the loftiness of his aims, his simplicity and sincerity, compose a most engaging and affectionate picture, the promise of which was amply fulfilled. It is singular that the story of his life is thus begun just at the moment when General Grant, in the midst of his great reception in Europe, and in a country where Sumner has many friends, sought to blacken his memory. It is certainly an amazing spectacle, that of General Grant branding Charles Sumner as a liar, then turning to lay a wreath of immortelles upon the grave of Thiers!

The most striking impression of these volumes upon those who knew Mr. Sumner only as a public man will be the fact that during all his early life and up to the age of thirty-four he took scarcely any interest in politics, and was wholly absorbed in the law, in literature and art, and in the society in which they are supreme. From his childhood he lost no hour, and his vigorous constitution, his literary tastes, his remarkable powers of acquisition, and his retentive memory made him at an early age an accomplished man. His character in those years and in all the period of these volumes was, as it always remained, singularly upright, simple, unsophisticated, wanting in humor and in tact, earnest, and uncompromising. But he was full of affectionate delight in the triumphs of his friends who seemed to be pushing on to fame while he lingered unknown behind, or with only that reputation of "promise" which has been so fatal to so many young men in whom the failure was not in capacity nor in opportunity, but in character. Sumner was always fortunate in the circumstances of his life. He was not, indeed, rich, but his friends were of the best, and he was always welcome in the most accomplished society. Then he was a lawyer, and Judge Story loved him and was proud of him as a son; and when at the end of his twenty-sixth year, Sumner, long thirsting for Europe as Goethe longed for Italy, sailed for England, Judge Story and others gave him letters which proved to be the golden keys to enchanted gardens. In England few Americans have ever been received as he was, or had such signal "success." He was a young man of twenty-six, without reputation, or social position, or fortune, or official station; but his intrinsic worth, his ability, his cultivation, his command of his resources, and the charm of his personal address opened to him the most attractive society in England. Ticknor, Everett, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, Longfellow, are perhaps the only others who have shared the cordial social welcome that Sumner received, and they were all his warm personal friends. The reception of General Grant is more of a public demonstration than a private welcome. But during the two years and a little more that he was in Europe, and amid the fascinations that allured him on every side, Sumner, like Ticknor, was an indefatigable student and observer. He conquered languages and literatures as he went; and his biography, like that of Ticknor, will be most useful in stimulating the young American pilgrim to Europe to perceive that the determined student sees and enjoys and brings away more than any mere loiterer and lounger. The European passages of the book, as indeed a large part of the whole, are told in Sumner's own vivid and graphic and characteristic letters, and thus give it a kindred charm to the memoirs of Ticknor and Macaulay.

He returned in 1840, leaving a large part of his heart behind him. It was very hard for him to devote himself to the necessary drudgery of a lawyer's life. Indeed, he never had any taste or facility for the practice of the law. A question of law involving moral or national relations, the literature of the law, the lives and characters of great lawyers, law in its historical aspects—all these commanded his interest and attention. Thus in Paris he wrote for *Galignani* a paper upon "The Boundary Question" in 1839, and in Boston he wrote upon the *Somers* case, and upon that of the *Creole*. But he was not drawn to active politics. There is, however, a characteristic exclamation at the end of one of his foreign letters, expressing his disgust with the subservience of the Northern members of Congress to those from the South. It was a premonitory movement of that unquailing port with which he always confronted the malign power against which he battled so bravely and so long. Meanwhile Prescott and Longfellow had become famous, and other friends were rising into reputation, and all were marrying happily, while Sumner, full of accomplishments and vague ambition, and a charming companion and correspondent, drudging in a profession for which he did not care, seemed to be surpassed in the great race that always solicits noble minds. But in the spring of 1845 he was invited to deliver the municipal Fourth of July oration—a duty which every famous Bostonian has performed, except Webster and Choate, the oration of the latter in 1858 having been pronounced before a Democratic club. Sumner delivered what Mr. Pierce justly calls the most celebrated of Fourth of July orations. It was "The True Grandeur of Nations," a plea for peace, which aroused great antagonism and admiration, made the orator famous, and most characteristically opened his public career. With the account of this discourse the volumes end. They are exceedingly interesting, and an invaluable contribution to the means of justly estimating Sumner. There are plenty of criticisms to be made upon him, and there is no backwardness in making them. But he was a most important actor in the most important epoch of our history, and his life may well be pondered by the young men of to-day. For he never broke faith with his ideals, and the soul of the wearied Senator dying at his post was as unsullied as that of the fresh and earnest youth who is pictured in these volumes.

CHANCELLOR PRUYN.

The death of John V. L. Pruyn removes a conspicuous citizen from the capital of the State, and a gentleman eminent for his services in many good causes. He was Chancellor of the Board of Regents of the University, and he discharged the duties of his office with an interest, intelligence, and ability which make his death a very serious loss not only to that board, but to all the interests intrusted to it. He was thoroughly familiar with the details of the academic and collegiate system of the State, and, living in Albany, scarcely a day passed that he was not at the office making himself personally acquainted with the routine of its business. There is some innocent gibing at the Board of Regents, and much ignorance in regard to its duties. But it is unquestionably true that the duties intrusted to it are discharged with an economy and efficiency from which every other public department in the State might well learn a lesson. The State Library—a most excellent and valuable collection—is very greatly indebted to the personal interest of Mr. Pruyn, and the academies and State collections have lost a friend who can not be easily replaced.

Mr. Pruyn's house was one of the pleasantest in Albany. His generous hospitality attracted to it all noted and interesting strangers, and it was full of curious, rich, and rare objects of taste and value. His disposition was social, his manners were simple and cordial, and he had many friends on both sides of the ocean. He had filled many positions of dignity and trust, but none of which he was prouder than that with which his name will be longest associated—the Chancellorship of the Regents. Mr. Pruyn had great public spirit, and was one of a class of men of which there are too few in the country, and his death will be sincerely lamented.

THE FALL OF KARS.

The fall of Kars and the reported wish of Turkey to treat for peace are significant of the course of events in the Eastern war. But still more significant is every glimpse that we gain into the actual condition of Turkey, and one of the clearest is to be found in the recent account of the Caucasus and the ascent of Ararat by James Bryce, the well-known author of the *Holy Roman Empire*. He travelled through Armenia last year, and since Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant* there has been no book dealing with that region which is more interesting. Mr. Bryce does not speak for the clubs or for aristocratic England. Mr. Goldwin Smith, a representative of the same class of Englishmen with Mr. Bryce, in a striking paper in the *Contemporary Review*, states that British opinion upon the Eastern war is divided very much as it was during the civil war in this country. The aristocracy and the world under its influence are for Turkey; the popular sentiment with a large body of the most thoughtful and enlightened Englishmen is for Russia, not as an ideal empire or cause, but as representing in this struggle the interests of progressive civilized society. Mr. Bryce's view of Russia is that she has the elements only of a powerful monarchy, that she is not strong for attack, and that future conquests will only weaken and injure her. This is the conviction of the more sagacious Russians, and must, in his judgment, help to shape Russian policy. As for aggression upon India, Mr. Bryce shows that Russia is now nearer to India through Persia than from Syria or Turkestan; and as for the Bosporus, the loss to England by its stoppage would not exceed £150,000 a year—a sum which would soon disappear in the cost of fighting for it.

The first fact in studying Turkey is that the Mohammedans are no more Turkey than the Irish Protestants are Ireland. The Turks are but one of several nations, and Mr. Bryce echoes Mr. Freeman in saying that they are only a hostile army encamped among unarmed subjects. There is very little Turkman blood in the veins of the Mohammedan population; and "no Mohammedan race or dynasty has ever shown itself able to govern well even subjects of its own religion, while to extend equal rights to subjects of a different creed is forbidden by the very laws of its being." This of itself—a fact often before remarked—makes good government impossible. Then the Turkish government is dying. It has no money and no credit, and practically no available resources. The population is sparse; very little soil is under cultivation; there is a total want of roads and railways; the mines are unopened; there are no rich people except a few Greek and Armenian merchants in Constantinople; there are no capable and honest administrators, nor any tolerable machinery of government; there is no class from which diligent and upright administrators could be drawn; corruption is well-nigh universal, and the empire has been maintained only by the jealousies of the European powers. The Turkish Mohammedan peasantry indeed are sober, industrious, and honest, and courageous in battle. But for two centuries the Turks have been hopelessly stupid, apathetic, and helpless. They have produced in that time no great soldier, no administrator, no thinker or writer, no poet, no artist. They have made no contribution to the thought or the wealth of the world, and in this war they go to foreigners for their generals. Turkish government is anarchy, *plus* the tax-gatherer.

In Mr. Bryce's statement there is no heat. He is an observer only, and while he can not help seeing the evils, he concedes that the remedy is not easily determined. The question seems to be whether it is possible to reform the Turkish government, or whether Armenia can be erected into a new political community, and the most patriotic Armenians and intelligent Franks rather incline to a trial of the first of the two methods. The moment of some definitive decision seems to be approaching, and it is one in which the other powers of Europe and the civilized world are interested. The difficulty with Russian domination is that while it would be preferable to that of the Porte, it might prevent the growth of something better. The Christians of Turkey—Greeks and Armenians—do not wish for it except as a check upon Turkey. England is still a name of might in Asia Minor, and Mr. Bryce thinks that both the power and the ambition of Russia are grossly exaggerated in England. His political conclusion is that of Mr. Gladstone and of most liberal and enlightened observers—the removal of the grievances which have made Russian influence powerful. It is the supposed and apparent British indifference to Christian suffering under Turkish tyranny that has given Russia the kind of protectorate she exercises. But one blunder begets another, and England, by refusing to join in demanding what she agreed was desirable, will find that she has made it very much more difficult to influence the counsels of a victorious empire.

"NO TRUST."

It is well known that in some of the London shops a notice is posted up stating that Americans are not trusted without a deposit. No honest American can justly complain of such a caution against individuals should he see that the American Congress is willing to authorize the payment of a debt of a hundred dollars by ninety-two dollars. The reasoning and the state of mind which would justify such an act would not recoil from repudiation, and should the Silver Bill substantially as it passed the House become law, it will be but the first step toward the catastrophe of repudiation. The silver coin which it proposes to issue is worth less than gold, less than the greenback. It is to be a general legal tender, even for dues which the greenback can not pay. As the bill stands at this writing, it would authorize the payment of the bonds in this depreciated currency, and the disgrace of evading the honest payment of the debt would be indelible. The folly of the arguments urged for this course has been fully and often exposed. The gross misrepresentations of fact have been pointed out. Indeed, the true character and purpose of the Silver Bill are revealed by the fact that every inflationist and repudiator in the country favors it: and it is impossible not to feel that certain Senators and Representatives support it, not because they approve it, but because they think that ignorant constituencies demand it.

There are difficulties in all financial theories, and in the general impatience with speculation and assertion upon all such questions there is an intelligible disposition to sneer at all reasoning upon them as nonsense. But there are, nevertheless, certain invariable facts, which no man need call laws unless he chooses. One of these is that a cheaper money always drives away a dearer. This has been so constantly proved that it does not admit of denial or contradiction. Bimetalism, or the system of two metals for equal legal tender, contemplates a fixed rate of value between them, which is attainable only by the common agreement of nations. If we profess to use silver and gold, while Europe uses only gold, the inevitable result would be that our gold would disappear, and we should become a silver country exclusively. The constant variation of value in silver would separate us from the rest of the world as surely as paper money separates us. And the same variation would expose us to all the other mischiefs of a changeable standard. The Silver Bill is a proposition to debase the coinage, and when representatives of enormous commercial and industrial interests went to reason with members of Congress upon the subject, they were told by Mr. Bland, the sponsor of the Silver Bill, that if they succeeded in defeating the bill, the next Congress would wipe out the whole national debt as with a sponge.

This was at least frank and logical. If the repudiators are not permitted to repudiate little by little, they will repudiate in a lump. This is the meaning of the effort, and the country should understand it. The repudiators appeal constantly to poor men and the rights of labor, and lustily denounce the wicked and pampered bond-holders. Now men are not fools because they are poor and because they labor, and they see upon a moment's reflection that the creditor class in this country is largely composed of poor and honest laborers. They invest their earnings in the savings-banks, and, as Mr. Garfield stated in his admirable and instructive speech upon resumption, there are nearly 4500 such banks, and their deposits last year amounted to nearly three-fourths of the national debt. There is an immense number of persons of the same hard-working and moderate class who hold small bonds. These compose the creditor class, and they are the people who are most interested in the strictest regard for the national honor, in specie payments, and a steady currency. All history shows that they are always the final sufferers from inflation and financial rascality. Regular and well-paid industry depends upon confidence, and when there is no confidence, capitalists will not invest money in enterprises which demand labor. But how can there be confidence when no man knows from day to day how little money he may be compelled to receive for a dollar? The only argument urged in favor of the universal silver legal tender is that if Congress calls a certain coin a dollar, it will instantly be worth a dollar. Upon this subject and upon all other lunacies of the same kind we can not do the reader a greater service than to refer him to that excellent and exhaustive primer, *The A B C of Finance*, by Professor Newcomb, in "Harper's Half-hour Series." It is a brief but perfectly clear and satisfactory exposition of the essential elements of the subject. Had Congress made it a text-book, and followed its lessons, it would have spared us the peril into which the follies of demagogues seem likely to plunge us.

MR. SUMNER AND GENERAL GRANT.

The charge of deliberate falsehood brought against Mr. Sumner by General Grant in conversation with a *Herald* reporter in Scotland last September has naturally attracted great attention. General Grant said that in stating that when he was removed from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee of the Senate he left a clean docket, Mr. Sumner asserted what he knew to be a falsehood. Mr. Wendell Phillips, a lifelong friend of Mr. Sumner, in a public lecture severely criticised General Grant for what he had said, and in a general review of the differences between Mr. Sumner and the Grant administration he spoke very sharply of Mr. Fish. Mr. Fish replied in an interview with the reporter of a Boston paper, stating that the records of the Senate would show that several treaties were still pending when Mr. Sumner was displaced from his chairmanship, but he did not impute the delay to negligence upon the part of Mr. Sumner, nor did he profess acquiescence during the interview in General Grant's allegation that Mr. Sumner had willfully told a falsehood about it. Mr. Edward L. Pierce, the biographer of Sumner, in a public letter to the Boston *Transcript*, suggested that if Mr. Fish had any evidence upon the subject, "he should give the items." Mr. Fish answered in the same paper in a letter, in which, referring to a statement that Senator Sumner had delayed to report a number of drafts of treaties, he furnished a list of nine treaties as not reported when Mr. Sumner was displaced, one of which had been referred to the committee fifteen months before Mr. Sumner ceased to be chairman, and eight of which were acted upon within three weeks after another chairman was appointed.

Whatever the explanation of the matter might be, the one thing of which the friends of Mr. Sumner were perfectly sure was that he had not told a lie about it. The experience of General Grant with Andrew Johnson should have taught him how readily a charge of falsehood may be made, and to be wary of making it except upon the plainest proof. Even if all the facts had been as General Grant supposed, it was not necessary to assume that Mr. Sumner had intentionally sought to deceive. But it now appears that Mr. Sumner's statement was exactly true, and General Grant's charge shows only his own hostile feeling toward Mr. Sumner, not Mr. Sumner's falsehood. The records of the Senate alone could authoritatively prove, not indeed whether Mr. Sumner had attempted a deception, but whether the treaties had or had not been reported to the Senate. His successor, Senator Hoar, therefore lately moved that the injunction of secrecy be removed from the proceedings in regard to the treaties, so far as to allow the publication of the date on which each one of them was referred to Mr. Sumner's committee, and also the date on which it was reported to the Senate. The secrecy was removed, and the list made public. It appears from it that, with apparently one exception, every one of the treaties which Mr. Sumner is accused of having delayed, and then asserting that he had not delayed, was reported by him to the Senate before his removal from his chairmanship. Whatever delay there was in the ratification of the treaties was thus evidently not due to Mr. Sumner—a fact which Mr. Fish and General Grant could not, indeed, officially know, but which amply vindicates Mr. Sumner's remark. General Grant's charge has unwittingly done a good service to a man whom he heartily disliked, and who could not defend himself.

It must be remembered that the reason given at the time for the displacement of Mr. Sumner from the chairmanship of the committee was simply and only the want of friendly personal relations between Mr. Sumner and the President and Secretary of State. In the debate in the Senate upon the list of committees submitted from the caucus by Mr. Howe, that gentleman said that he certainly knew the reasons of the change in the head of the Foreign Committee, if any body knew them, and proceeded to say that in view of the disturbed personal relations "it was deemed best that the Committee on Foreign Relations should have a head who would be on the best speaking terms with the Secretary of State and the President." There was a very warm debate. Mr. Sumner's colleague, Mr. Wilson, distinctly asserted that the removal grew out of the San Domingo affair. But neither in the caucus nor in the Senate was neglect of duty once urged as a reason for the change in the chairmanship. There can be no question that if Mr. Sumner had supported the San Domingo project there would have been no personal rupture at that time between him and General Grant or Mr. Fish, and that he would never have been displaced from the head of the committee for negligence. Mr. Sumner and General Grant were, as we think, mutually unjust. They were by character and temperament so different that they could not understand each other: and now that Sumner is dead, it is most unfortunate for himself that General Grant should not have been willing to leave the difference between them undisturbed.

PERSONAL.

The growth of taste in this country for fine pottery is noticed by Mr. William C. Prime in his forth-coming book. "Ten years ago," he says, "there were probably not ten collectors of pottery and porcelain in the United States. To-day there are 10,000," most of whom will doubtless possess themselves of Mr. Prime's work, soon to be issued by Harper & Brothers. This work will tell all about pottery, ancient and modern, with a chapter on collectors and collecting in this country. It will contain 300 fine cuts, and forty pages of fac-similes of factory and artists' marks in the appendix devoted to that subject.

—There are fourteen ex-Governors of States in the United States Senate, and eight in the House, and several ex-Governors of Territories.

—Professor Rossi, Italian inspector of excavations, has been so fortunate as to bring to light on the plain of Nervia a Roman amphitheatre constructed of very fine dressed stone. The external wall thus far uncovered and a grand gateway are said to be of a beauty and solidity really marvellous.

—The newspapers of the New England States speak in flattering terms of the receptions every where accorded Mr. Will Carleton, author of *Farm Ballads* and other popular volumes of poetry, in his lecturing tour through Yankee-land. At Burlington, Vermont, a very large audience greeted him; at Manchester, New Hampshire, notwithstanding that Moody and Sankey held forth the same evening, he had a full house; at Nashua, New Hampshire, every seat was sold the day before the lecture; and at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the largest audience ever assembled in Odd-Fellows' Hall came to hear the author of "Betsey and I Are Out." Mr. Carleton is to be congratulated on having achieved such marked success in his new field of labor.

—The appearance of the late Senator Sumner when a young man was striking and prepossessing. His first great oratorical effort, the "True Grandeur of Nations," was delivered when he was thirty-four, on which occasion he is thus described by his biographer, Dr. Edward L. Pierce: "He was then the impersonation of manly beauty and power. Of commanding stature, his figure no longer slender, as in student days, but well developed; his features finely cut, his dark hair hanging in masses over his left brow, his face lighting with the smile which always won him friends at first sight. He wore a dress-coat with gilt buttons—a fancy of lawyers at that period—and white waistcoat and trousers. His gestures were unstudied, and followed no rules; the most frequent one was the swinging of the arm above the head. His voice was clear and strong, resounding through the hall, but at times falling in cadences mellow and pathetic. Seldom had there been seen on the platform a more attractive presence than his as he stood for the first time before the people assembled to hear him. His oration was fully in his memory, and he spoke for two hours without referring to notes, except for statistics."

—Senator Morton, during his Governorship of Indiana, when vast army contracts could be influenced by him, and afterward in the Senate, had abundant opportunities of becoming rich; yet he left an estate of less than $50,000, which includes a farm in White County, a little bank stock, and a one-half interest in the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*.

—The $5000 prize established by the will of the late Dr. Martyn Paine is the largest ever offered by any American college for a literary performance. That sum is to be awarded as often as the accumulations of the investment shall reach that amount. The essay fund and the sixteen scholarships given by the will to Harvard College form a noble monument to the memory of his son.

—"Mr. Richard Henry Dana at Ninety" was the title of an article published a few days ago in the *Evening Post*, presumably from the pen of Mr. Bryant, in which is quoted the saying made of him long ago in the *Fable for Critics*, that he carried with him a "paulo post future of song," and much of it was never brought into the present tense. It is a curious coincidence, worth noticing, perhaps, that Mr. Bryant's earliest poem of importance, "Thanatopsis," was published in a review of which Mr. Dana was editor, while Mr. Dana's earlier poems, "The Dying Raven" and "The Husband and Wife's Grave," were published in a review of which Mr. Bryant was editor. Mr. Dana's old age is a serene and happy one—a sweet one, we may say—which has brought with it no impairment of health or of spirits. His sight is keen, his health is good, his mind is as clear as ever. He is in a serene and sunny autumn of life, with the strength of body and mind to enjoy it keenly. Mr. Dana's grandson, R. H. Dana third, clever and handsome, is soon to be married to Professor Longfellow's "fair and golden-haired" daughter Edith.

—Mr. Joseph Jefferson is not only a consummate dramatic artist, but has gifts as a painter and speaker. At the dinner recently given to him and his son-in-law, Mr. Farjeon, at the Lotos Club, he made a few remarks which were quite pat to the occasion. He apologized for using technical terms, but asserted that it was an unconscious habit confined to no single profession or calling. He illustrated it by referring to a remark of a railroad conductor, who, after seeing *Rip Van Winkle*, talked with the actor on the train, not on the merit of the star, but on the construction of the story. He said to Jefferson, "I couldn't see how you were going to get round it when you found Gretchen had *switched* off on to another fellow." The actor then spoke of former days when he and his associates always made money enough in the winter to spend in giving plays at Reading in the summer. "In fact," said he, "the people of Reading expected it of us every year." On one occasion the manager, who had a talent for making speeches before the curtain, rushed out in grief and distraction to apologize for the absence of the leading man. "Ladies and gentlemen, the fact is, our tragedian's father is dead. Under these circumstances, I throw myself on your generosity, faithfully assuring you, if you will overlook his fault, that *it shall never happen again.*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The House, on the 17th ult., concurred in all the Senate's amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, except the striking out of $50,000 for rifling 10-inch smooth-bores. The army therefore stands at 25,000 men. On the 19th, the bill was reported to the Senate and passed. It now goes to the President for his approval.—On the 20th, a committee of five Senators was appointed to investigate the finance reports, books, and accounts of the Treasury Department. The Senate, on the 20th, discussed the bill to enable Indians to become citizens, and finally made it a special order for December 10. The House, on the 20th, passed the Paris Exposition Bill substantially as it was reported to the House by the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The full amount, $150,000, was retained, as was also the clause providing for the appointment of a Commissioner-General at a salary of $5000, and twenty additional Commissioners at $1000 each. The clause in the bill, as reported, providing for the appointment of one hundred honorary Commissioners by the President, was amended by authorizing the Governors of the several States to nominate two honorary Commissioners each, and, in addition to these, the President is authorized to appoint twenty-four honorary Commissioners, one of whom shall be selected from each of the Territories. These one hundred honorary Commissioners are to serve without pay.—The Bland Silver Bill was reported to the Senate by its Finance Committee, on the 21st, with an amendment striking out the provision for free coinage on private account, and substituting a clause giving to the United States government the exclusive right to issue the silver dollars, and limiting the amount of them. The following is the text of the amended bill: "That there shall be coined, at the several mints of the United States, silver dollars of the weight of 412½ grains, troy, of standard silver, as provided in the act of January 18, 1837, on which shall be the devices and superscriptions provided by said act, which coins, together with all silver dollars heretofore coined by the United States, of like weight and fineness, shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for all debts and dues, public and private, except when otherwise provided for by contract; and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to purchase from time to time silver bullion, at the market price thereof, not less than $2,000,000 per month nor more than $4,000,000 per month, and cause the same to be coined into such dollars, and any gain or seigniorage arising from this coinage shall be accounted for and paid into the Treasury, as provided under existing laws relative to the subsidiary coinage, provided that the amount of money at any one time invested in such silver bullion, exclusive of such resulting coin, shall not exceed $5,000,000."—The Deficiency Appropriation Bill passed the House on the 22d.

General Sherman has issued a general order in which he declares that hereafter drunkenness in the army will be rigorously punished.

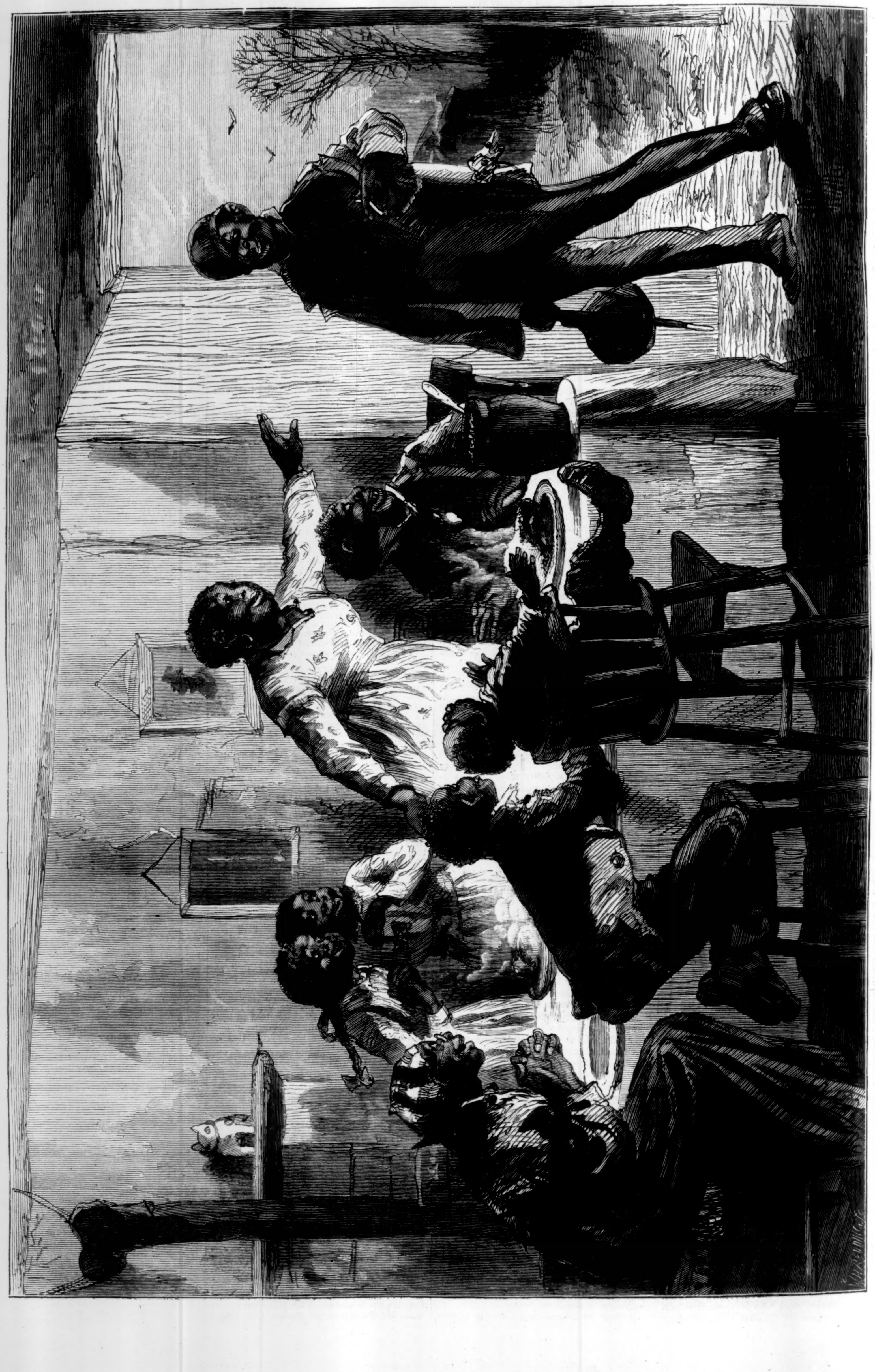
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: The great event of the week, and indeed of the war itself, was the capture of Kars by the Russian forces early on the morning of November 18. A graphic account of the fall of the fortress and city is given elsewhere, in company with a picture of the scene of the conflict.—Ali Saib telegraphed on the 20th from Scutari that 4000 Montenegrins who attacked the position defending the road from Antavari to Scutari were repulsed with a loss of 300 killed.—On the 21st the Roumanians captured Rahova, northwest of Plevna, after a three days' engagement, and with a loss of 224 killed and wounded. The Turks fled in the direction of Lom Palanka and Widdin, with the enemy in pursuit. Simultaneously with the capture a Roumanian division crossed the Danube opposite Rahova.—There was heavy fighting on the Lom on the 19th. A Turkish official dispatch claims that a strong Turkish force, making a reconnoissance, carried the Russian positions on the Metchka Heights, at Pirgos, near Rustchuk, and near Jovanchiftlich, destroying at the first-named place seventy caissons filled with ammunition and provisions. The Russians lost 1400 men. A Russian attack on Kadikoi was repulsed. A Russian official dispatch asserts that the Turks, after a stubborn engagement lasting from nine o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, were every where repulsed, but admits that the Russian outposts were temporarily driven in. Both accounts agree that the Turks, after severe fighting, temporarily occupied and burned Pirgos. The Russians state that so far eighty-five of their wounded have been brought in. Suleiman Pasha has arrived at Rustchuk.—The Grand Duke Michael entered Kars on the 19th, and received the homage of the inhabitants.

The French Senate, on the 19th, by a vote of 151 to 129, passed the following: "The Senate, taking cognizance of the declarations of the government, and being resolved, in accordance with the conservative principles which it has always sustained, not to suffer any infringement of the prerogatives of either of the public powers, passes to the order of the day." On the 20th, the *Official Journal* announced the resignation of the cabinet, which President M'Mahon had accepted.

Dr. Falck, Minister of Public Instruction, replying to the ultramontanes during the discussion of the public worship estimates in the German Diet, on the 22d, declared that the government could not even consider any modification of the ecclesiastical laws.

The steamship *Strathtay*, on her way from Montreal to Aberdeen, Scotland, was lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the 12th. No lives were lost.



THE "SMALL BREEDS" THANKSGIVING—RETURN OF THE FIRST-BORN FROM COLLEGE.—"Bress his Heart! *Don't* he look Edgecated!"—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

I.—THE FIRST DAY.—THE AMBUSH.

XIII.

LOUIS BONAPARTE'S SIDE FACE.

The minds of all these men, we repeat, were very differently affected.

The extreme Legitimist party, which represents the White of the flag, was not, it must be said, highly exasperated at the *Coup d'État*. Upon many faces might be read the saying of M. De Falloux: "I am so satisfied that I have considerable difficulty in affecting to be only resigned." The ingenuous spirits cast down their eyes—that is becoming to purity; more daring spirits raised their heads. They felt an impartial indignation which permitted a little admiration. How cleverly these generals have been insnared! The Country assassinated—it is a horrible crime; but they were enraptured at the jugglery blended with the parricide. One of the leaders said, with a sigh of envy and regret, "We do not possess a man of such talent." Another muttered, "It is Order." And he added, "Alas!" Another exclaimed, "It is a frightful crime, but well carried out." Some wavered, attracted on one side by the lawful power which rested in the Assembly, and on the other by the abomination which was in Bonaparte; honest souls poised between duty and infamy. There was a M. Thomines Desmazures who went as far as the door of the Great Hall of the Mairie, halted, looked inside, looked outside, and did not enter. It would be unjust not to record that others among the pure Royalists, and, above all, M. De Vatimesnil, had the sincere intonation and the upright wrath of justice.

Be it as it may, the Legitimist party, taken as a whole, entertained no horror of the *Coup d'État*. It feared nothing. In truth, should the Royalists fear Louis Bonaparte? Why?

Indifference does not inspire fear. Louis Bonaparte was indifferent. He only recognized one thing—his object. To break through the road in order to reach it, that was quite plain; the rest might be left alone. There lay the whole of his policy—to crush the Republicans, to disdain the Royalists.

Louis Bonaparte had no passion. He who writes these lines, talking one day about Louis Bonaparte with the ex-King of Westphalia, remarked, "In him the Dutchman tones down the Corsican." "If there be any Corsican," answered Jérôme."

Louis Bonaparte has never been other than a man who has lain wait for fortune—a spy trying to dupe God. He had that livid dreaminess of the gambler who cheats. Cheating admits audacity, but excludes anger. In his prison at Ham he only read one book—*The Prince*. He belonged to no family, as he could hesitate between Bonaparte and Verhuell; he had no country, as he could hesitate between France and Holland.

This Napoleon had taken St. Helena in good part. He admired England. Resentment! To what purpose? For him on earth there only existed his interests. He pardoned, because he speculated; he forgot every thing, because he calculated upon every thing. What did his uncle matter to him? He did not serve him; he made use of him. He rested his shabby enterprise upon Austerlitz. He stuffed the eagle.

Malice is an unproductive outlay. Louis Bonaparte only possessed as much memory as is useful. Hudson Lowe did not prevent him from smiling upon Englishmen; the Marquis of Montchenu did not prevent him from smiling upon the Royalists.

He was a man of earnest politics, of good company, wrapped in his own scheming, not impulsive, doing nothing beyond that which he intended, without abruptness, without hard words, discreet, accurate, learned, talking smoothly of a necessary massacre, a slaughterer because it served his purpose.

All this, we repeat, without passion and without anger.

Louis Bonaparte was one of those men who had been influenced by the profound iciness of Machiavel.

It was through being a man of that nature that he succeeded in submerging the name of Napoleon by superadding December upon Brumaire.

XIV.

THE D'ORSAY BARRACKS.

It was half past three.

The arrested Representatives entered into the court-yard of the barracks—a huge parallelogram closed in and commanded by high walls. These walls are pierced by three tiers of windows, and possess that dismal appearance which distinguishes barracks, schools, and prisons.

This court-yard is entered by an arched portal which extends through all the breadth of the front of the main building. This archway, under which the guard-house had been made, is closed on the side of the quay by large solid folding-doors, and on one side of the court-yard by an iron grated gateway. They closed the door and the grated gateway upon the Representatives. They "set them at liberty" in the bolted and guarded court-yard.

"Let them stroll about," said an officer.

The air was cold, the sky was gray. Some soldiers in their shirt sleeves and wearing police caps, busy with fatigue duty, went hither and thither among the prisoners.

First M. Grimault and then M. Anthony Thouret instituted a roll-call. The Representatives made a ring around them. Lherbette said, laughingly, "This just suits the barracks. We look like sergeant-majors who have come to report." They called over the seven hundred and fifty names of the Representatives. To each name they answered "Absent" or "Present," and the secretary jotted down with a pencil those who were present. When the name of Morny was reached, some one cried out, "At Clichy!" At the name of Persigny, the same voice exclaimed, "At Poissy!" The inventor of these two jokes, which, by-the-way, are very poor, has since allied himself to the Second of December, to Morny and Persigny; he has covered his cowardice with the embroidery of a senator.

The roll-call verified the presence of two hundred and twenty Representatives, whose names were as follows:

Le Duc de Luynes, D'Andigné de la Chasse, Anthony Thouret, Arène, Audren de Kerdrel (Ille-et-Vilaine), Audren de Kerdrel (Morbihan), De Balzac, Barchou de Penhoen, Barillon, O. Barrot, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Quentin Bauchard, G. de Beaumont, Béchard, Behaghel, De Belvèze, Benoist-d'Azy, De Bernardy, Berryer, De Berset, Basse, Betting de Lancastel, Blavoyer, Bocher, Boissié, De Botmillan, Bouvatier, le Duc de Broglie, De la Broise, De Bryas, Buffet, Caillet du Tertre, Callet, Camus de la Guibourgère, Canet, De Castillon, De Cazalis, Admiral Cécile, Chambolle, Chamiot, Champannet, Chaper, Chapot, De Charencey, Chasseigne, Chauvin, Chazant, De Chazelles, Chegaray, Comte de Coislin, Colfavru, Colas de la Motte, Coquerel, De Corcelles, Cordier, Corne, Creton, Daguilhon-Pujol, Dahirel, Vicomte Dambray, Marquise de Dampierre, De Brotonne, De Fontaine, De Fontenay, Vicomte de Sèze, Desmars, De la Devansaye, Didier, Dieuleveult, Druet-Desvaux, A. Dubois, Dufaure, Dufougerais, Dufour, Dufournel, Marc Dufraisse, P. Duprat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Étienne, Vicomte de Falloux, De Faultrier, Faure (Rhône), Favreau, Ferre, Des Ferrès, Vicomte de Flavigny, De Foblant, Frichon, Gain, Gasselin, Germonière, De Gicquiau, De Goulard, De Gouyon, De Grandville, De Grasset, Grelier-Dufougerais, Grévy, Grillon, Grimault, Gros, Gudelier de la Tousche, Harscouët de Saint-Georges, Marquis d'Havrincourt, Hennequin, D'Hespel, Houel, Havyn-Tranchère, Huot, Joret, Jouannet, De Kéranflech, De Kératry, De Kéridec, De Kermazec, De Kersauron-Penendreff, Léo de Laborde, Laboulie, Lacave, Oscar Lafayette, Lafosse, Lagarde, Lagrénée, Laimé, Lainé, Comte Lanjuinais, Larabit, De Larcy, J. de Lasteyrie, Latrade, Laureau, Laurenceau, General Marquis de Lauriston, De Laussat, Lefebvre de Grosriez, Legrand, Legros-Desvaux, Lemaire, Émile Leroux, Lespérut, De l'Espinoy, Lherbette, De Linsaval, De Luppé, Maréchal, Martin de Villers, Maze-Saunay, Mèze, Arnauld de Melun, Anatole de Melun, Merentié, Michaud, Mispoulet, Monet, Duc de Montebello, De Montigny, Moulin, Murat Sistrière, Alfred Nettement, D'Oliver, le General Oudinot Duc de Reggio, Paillet, Duparc, Passy, Émile Péan, Pécoul, Casimir Perier, Pidoux, Pigeon, De Piogé, Piscatory, Proa, Prudhomme, Querhoent, Randoing, Raudot, Raulin, De Ravinel, De Rémusat, Renaud, Rezal, Comte de Rességuier, Henri de Riancey, Rigal, De la Rochette, Rodat, De Roquefeuille, Des Rotours de Chaulieu, Rouget-Lafosse, Rouillé, Roux-Carbonel, Sainte-Beuve, De Saint Germain, General Comte de Saint-Priest, Salmon (Meuse), Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy, De Serré, Comte de Sesmaisons, Simonot, De Staplande, De Surville, Marquis de Talhouet, Talon, Tamisier, Thuriot de la Rosière, De Tinguy, Comte de Tocqueville, De la Tourette, Comte de Tréveneuc, Mortimer-Ternaux, De Vatimesnil, Baron de Vandœuvre, Vernhette (Hérault), Vernhette (Aveyron), Vézin, Vitet, Comte de Vogüé.

After this list of names may be read as follows in the short-hand report:

"The roll-call having been completed, General Oudinot asked the Representatives who were scattered about in the court-yard to come round him, and made the following announcement to them:

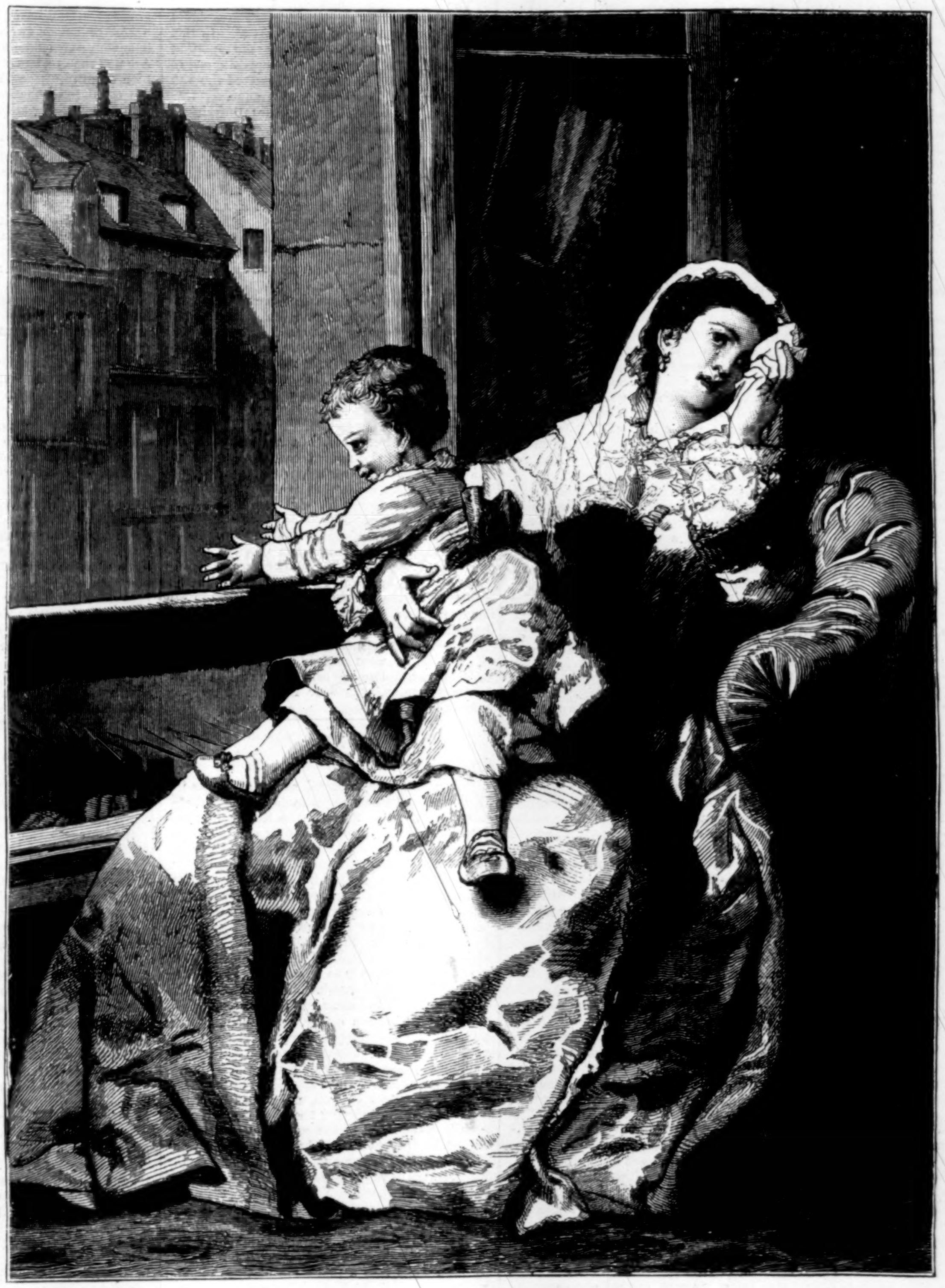
"The captain-adjutant-major, who has remained here to command the barracks, has just received an order to have rooms prepared for us, where we are to withdraw, as we are considered to be in custody. [Hear! hear!] Do you wish me to bring the adjutant-major here? [No, no; it is useless.] I will tell him that he had better execute his orders. [Yes, yes; that is right.]"

The Representatives remained "penned" and "strolling" about in this yard for two long hours. They walked about arm in arm. They walked quickly, so as to warm themselves. The men of the Right said to the men of the Left, "Ah! if you had only voted the proposals of the Questors!" They also exclaimed, "Well, how about the *invisible sentry?*"[*] And they laughed. Then Marc Dufraisse answered, "Deputies of the People! deliberate in peace!" It was then the turn of the Left to laugh. Nevertheless, there was no bitterness. The cordiality of a common misfortune reigned among them.

They questioned his ex-ministers about Louis Bonaparte. They asked Admiral Cécile, "Now, really, what does this mean?" The admiral answered by this definition, "It is a small matter." M. Vézin added, "He wishes History to call him 'Sire.'" "Poor Sire, then," said M. Camus de la Guibourgère. M. Odilon Barrot exclaimed, "What a fatality that we should have been condemned to employ this man!"

This said, these heights attained, political philosophy was exhausted, and they ceased talking.

On the right, by the side of the door, there was a canteen elevated a few steps above the court-yard. "Let us promote this canteen to the dignity of a refreshment-room," said the ex-ambassador to China, M. De Lagrénée. They entered. Some went up to the stove, others asked for a



THE ARRESTED REPRESENTATIVES MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS.

"In one of the streets through which they went a window was opened. Suddenly a woman appeared with a child; the child, recognizing its father among the prisoners, held out its arms and called to him; the mother wept in the background."—[See Page 942, No. 1092.]

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[*] Michel de Bourges had thus characterized Louis Bonaparte as the guardian of the Republic against the Monarchical parties.

basin of soup. MM. Favreau, Piscatory, Larabit, and Vatimesnil took refuge in a corner. In the opposite corner drunken soldiers chatted with the maids of the barracks. M. De Kératry, bent with his eighty years, was seated near the stove on an old worm-eaten chair. The chair tottered; the old man shivered.

Toward four o'clock a regiment of Chasseurs de Vincennes arrived in the court-yard with their platters, and began to eat, singing, and with loud bursts of merriment. M. De Broglie looked at them, and said to M. Piscatory, "It is a strange spectacle to see the porringers of the Janizaries, vanished from Constantinople, re-appearing at Paris."

Almost at the same moment a staff officer informed the Representatives on behalf of General Forey that the apartments assigned to them were ready, and requested them to follow him. They were taken into the eastern building, which is the wing of the barracks farthest from the Palace of the Council of State; they were conducted to the third floor. They expected chambers and beds. They found long rooms, vast garrets with filthy walls and low ceilings, furnished with wooden tables and benches. These were the "apartments." These garrets, which adjoin each other, all open on the same corridor—a narrow passage which runs the length of the main building. In one of these rooms they saw, thrown into a corner, side drums, a big drum, and various instruments of military music. The Representatives scattered themselves about in these rooms. M. De Tocqueville, who was ill, threw his overcoat on the floor in the recess of a window, and lay down. He remained thus stretched upon the ground for several hours.

These rooms were warmed very badly by cast-iron stoves shaped like hives. A Representative, wishing to poke the fire, upset one, and nearly set fire to the wooden flooring.

The last of these rooms looked out on the quay. Anthony Thouret opened a window and leaned out. Several Representatives joined him. The soldiers, who were bivouacking below on the pavement, caught sight of them, and began to shout, "Ah! there they are, those rascals at twenty-five francs a day who wish to cut down our pay!" In fact, on the preceding evening, the police had spread this calumny through the barracks, that a proposition had been placed on the Tribune to lessen the pay of the troops. They had even gone so far as to name the author of the proposition. Anthony Thouret attempted to undeceive the soldiers. An officer cried out to him, "It is one of your party who made the proposal. It is Lamennais."

In about an hour and a half there were ushered into these rooms MM. Vallette, Bixio, and Victor Lefranc, who had come to join their colleagues and constitute themselves prisoners.

Night came. They were hungry. Several had not eaten since the morning. M. Howyn de Tranchère, a man of considerable kindness and devotion, who had acted as porter at the Mairie, acted as forager at the barracks. He collected five francs from each Representative, and they sent and ordered a dinner for two hundred and twenty from the Café d'Orsay, at the corner of the quay and the Rue du Bac. They dined badly but merrily. Cook-shop mutton, bad wine, and cheese. There was no bread. They ate as they best could, one standing, another on a chair, one at a table, another astride on his bench with his plate before him, "as at a ball-room supper," a dandy of the Right said, laughingly—Thuriot de la Rosière, son of the regicide Thuriot. M. De Rémusat buried his head in his hands. Émile Péan said to him, "We shall get over it." And Gustave de Beaumont cried out, addressing himself to the Republicans, "And your friends of the Left! Will they preserve their honor? Will there be an insurrection at least?" They passed each other the dishes and plates, the Right showing marked attention to the Left. "Here is the opportunity to bring about a fusion," said a young Legitimist. Troopers and canteen men waited upon them. Two or three tallow candles burned and smoked on each table. There were few glasses. Right and Left drank from the same. "Equality, fraternity," exclaimed the Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy, of the Right. And Victor Hennequin answered him, "But not liberty."

Colonel Feray, the son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud, was in command at the barracks. He offered the use of his drawing-room to M. De Broglie and to M. Odilon Barrot, who accepted it. The barrack doors were opened to M. De Kératry on account of his great age, to M. Dufaure, as his wife had just been confined, and to M. Étienne on account of the wound which he had received that morning in the Rue de Bourgogne. At the same time there were added to the two hundred and twenty MM. Eugène Sue, Benoist (du Rhône), Fayolle, Chanay, Toupet des Vignes, Radoubt-Lafosse, Arbey, and Teillard-Latérisse, who up to that time had been detained in the new Palace of Foreign Affairs.

Toward eight o'clock in the evening, when dinner was over, the restrictions were a little relaxed, and the intermediate space between the door and the barred gate of the barracks began to be littered with carpet-bags and articles of toilet sent by the families of the imprisoned Representatives.

The Representatives were summoned by their names. Each went down in turn, and briskly remounted with his cloak, his coverlet, or his foot-warmer. A few ladies succeeded in making their way to their husbands. M. Chambolle was able to press his son's hand through the bars.

Suddenly a voice called out, "Oho! we are going to spend the night here." Mattresses were brought in, which were thrown on the tables, on the floor, any where.

Fifty or sixty Representatives found resting-places on them. The greater number remained on their benches. Marc Dufraisse settled himself to pass the night on a footstool, leaning on a table. Happy was the man who had a chair.

Nevertheless, cordiality and gayety did not cease to prevail. "Make room for the 'burgomasters!'" said, smilingly, a venerable veteran of the Right. A young Republican Representative rose and offered him his mattress. They pressed on each other offers of overcoats, cloaks, and coverlets.

"Reconciliation," said Chamoit, while offering the half of his mattress to the Duc de Luynes. The Duc de Luynes, who had $400,000 a year, smiled, and replied to Chamiot, "You are St. Martin, and I am the beggar."

M. Paillet, the well-known barrister, who belonged to the "Third Estate," used to say, "I passed the night in a Bonapartist straw mattress, wrapped in a burnoose of the Mountain, my feet in a Democratic and Socialist sheep-skin, and my head in a Legitimist cotton night-cap."

The Representatives, although prisoners in the barracks, could stroll about freely. They were allowed to go down into the court-yard. M. Cordier (of Calvados) came up stairs again, saying, "I have just spoken to the soldiers. They did not know that their generals had been arrested. They appeared surprised and discontented." This incident raised the prisoners' hopes.

Representative Michel Renaud of the Basses-Pyrénees found several of his compatriots of the Basque country among the Chasseurs de Vincennes who occupied the court-yard. Some had voted for him, and reminded him of the fact. They added, "Ah! we would again vote for the 'Red' list." One of them, quite a young man, took him aside and said to him, "Do you want any money, Sir? I have a forty-sous piece in my pocket."

Toward ten o'clock in the evening a great hubbub arose in the court-yard. The doors and the barred gate turned noisily upon their hinges. Something entered which rumbled like thunder. They leaned out of window, and saw at the foot of the steps a sort of big oblong chest, painted black, yellow, red, and green, on four wheels, drawn by post-horses, and surrounded by men in long overcoats, and with fierce-looking faces, holding torches. In the gloom, and with the help of imagination, this vehicle appeared completely black. A door could be seen, but no other opening. It resembled a great coffin on wheels. "What is that? Is it a hearse?" "No, it is a police van." "And those people, are they undertakers?" "No, they are jailers." "And for whom has this come?"

"For you, gentlemen!" cried out a voice.

It was the voice of an officer; and the vehicle which had just entered was in truth a police van.

At the same time a word of command was heard—"First squadron to horse." And five minutes afterward the Lancers who were to escort the vehicle formed a line in the court-yard.

Then arose in the barracks the buzz of a hive of angry bees. The Representatives ran up and down the stairs, and went to look at the police van close at hand. Some of them touched it, and could not believe their eyes. M. Piscatory met M. Chambolle, and cried out to him, "I am leaving in it!" M. Berryer met Eugène Sue, and they exchanged these words: "Where are you going?" "To Mont Valérein. And you?" "I do not know."

At half past ten the roll-call of those who were to leave began. Police agents stationed themselves at a table between two candles in a parlor at the foot of the stairs, and the Representatives were summoned two by two. The Representatives agreed not to answer to their names, and to reply to each name which should be called out, "He is not here." But those "burgraves" who had accepted the hospitality of Colonel Feray considered such petty resistance unworthy of them, and answered to the calling out of their names. This drew the others after them. Every body answered. Among the Legitimists some serio-comic scenes were enacted. They, who alone were not threatened, insisted on believing that they were in danger. They would not let one of their orators go. They embraced him and held him back almost with tears, crying out, "Do not go away! Do you know where they are taking you? Think of the trenches of Vincennes!"

The Representatives, having been summoned two by two, as we have just said, filed in the parlor before the police agents, and then they were ordered to get into the "robbers' box." The stowage was apparently made at hap-hazard and promiscuously; nevertheless, later, by the difference of the treatment accorded to the Representatives in the various prisons, it was apparent that this promiscuous loading had perhaps been somewhat pre-arranged. When the first vehicle was full, a second, of a similar construction, drew up. The police agents, pencil and pocket-book in hand, noted down the contents of each vehicle. These men knew the Representatives. When Marc Dufraisse, called in his turn, entered the parlor, he was accompanied by Benoist (du Rhône).—"Ah! here is M. Marc Dufraisse," said the attendant who held the pencil. When asked for his name, Benoist replied, "Benoist." "Du Rhône," added the police agent, and he continued: "for there are also Benoist d'Azy and Benoît Champy."

The loading of each vehicle occupied nearly half an hour. The successive arrivals had raised the number of imprisoned Representatives to two hundred and thirty-two. Their embarkation, or, to use the expression of M. De Vatimesnil, their "barreling-up," which began a little after ten in the evening, was not finished until nearly seven o'clock in the morning. When there were no more police vans available, omnibuses were brought in. These various vehicles were portioned off into three detachments, each escorted by Lancers. The first detachment left toward one o'clock in the morning, and was driven to Mont Valérien; the second toward five o'clock, and was driven to Mazas; the third, toward half past six, to Vincennes.

As this business occupied a long time, those who had not yet been called benefited by the mattresses, and tried to sleep. Thus, from time to time, silence reigned in the upper rooms. In the midst of one of these pauses, M. Bixio sat upright, and, raising his voice, cried out, "Gentlemen, what do you think of 'passive obedience?'" A unanimous burst of laughter was the reply. Again, during one of these pauses, another voice exclaimed, "Romieu will be a senator."

Émile Péan asked, "What will become of the Red Spectre?"

"He will enter the priesthood," answered Anthony Thouret, "and will turn into the Black Spectre."

Other exclamations which the Historians of the Second of December have spread abroad were not uttered. Thus Marc Dufraisse never made the remark with which the men of Louis Bonaparte have wished to excuse their crimes: "If the President does not shoot all those among us who resist, he does not understand his business."

For the *Coup d'État* such a remark might be convenient; but for History, it is false.

The interior of the police vans was lighted while the Representatives were entering. The air-holes of each compartment were not closed. In this manner Marc Dufraisse through the aperture could see M. De Rémusat in the opposite cell to his own. M. De Rémusat had entered the van coupled with M. Duvergier de Hauranne.

"Upon my word, Monsieur Marc Dufraisse," exclaimed Duvergier de Hauranne, when they jostled each other in the gangway of the vehicle—"upon my word, if any one had told me that 'You will go to Mazas in a police van,' I should have said, 'It is improbable;' but if they had added, 'You will go with Marc Dufraisse,' I should have said, 'It is impossible!'"

As soon as a vehicle was full, five or six policemen entered and stood in the gangway. The door was shut, the steps were thrown up, and they drove off.

When all the police vans had been filled, there were still some Representatives left. As we have said, omnibuses were brought into requisition. Into these Representatives were thrust, one upon the other, rudely, without deference for either age or name. Colonel Feray, on horseback, superintended and directed operations. As he mounted the steps of the last vehicle but one, the Duc de Montebello cried out to him, "To-day is the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, and the son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud compels the son of Marshal Lannes to enter a convicts' van."

When the last omnibus was reached, there were only seventeen places for eighteen Representatives. The most active mounted first. Anthony Thouret, who himself alone equalled the whole of the Right, for he had as much mind as Thiers and as much stomach as Murat—Anthony Thouret, corpulent and lethargic, was the last. When he appeared on the threshold of the omnibus in all his hugeness, a cry of alarm arose: "Where was he going to sit?"

Anthony Thouret, noticing Berryer at the bottom of the omnibus, went straight up to him, sat down on his knees, and quietly said to him: "You wanted 'compression,' Monsieur Berryer. Now you have it."

XV.

MAZAS.

The police vans, escorted as far as Mazas by Lancers, found another squadron of Lancers ready to receive them at Mazas. The Representatives descended from the vehicle one by one. The officer commanding the Lancers stood by the door and watched them pass with a dull curiosity.

Mazas, which has taken the place of the prison of La Force, now pulled down, is a lofty reddish building, close to the terminus of the Lyons Railway, and stands on the waste land of the Faubourg St. Antoine. From a distance the building appears as though built of bricks, but on closer examination it is seen to be constructed of flints set in cement. Six large detached buildings, three stories high, all radiating from a rotunda which serves as a common centre, and touching each other at the starting-point, separated by court-yards which grow broader in proportion as the buildings spread out, pierced with a thousand little dormer-windows which give light to the cells, surrounded by a high wall, and presenting from a bird's-eye point of view the shape of a fan—such is Mazas. From the rotunda, which forms the centre, springs a sort of minaret, which is the alarm tower. The ground-floor is a round room, which serves as the registrar's office. On the first story is a chapel, where a single priest says mass for all; and the observatory, where a single attendant keeps watch over all the doors of all the galleries at the same time. Each building is termed a "division." The court-yards are intersected by high walls into a multitude of little oblong walks.

As each Representative descended from the vehicle, he was conducted into the rotunda, where the registry office was situated. There his name was taken down, and in exchange for his name he was assigned a number. Whether the prisoner be a thief or a legislator, such is always the rule in this prison; the *Coup d'État* reduced all to a footing of equality. As soon as a Representative was registered and numbered, he was ordered to "file off." They said to him, "Go up stairs," or "Go on;" and they announced him at the end of the corridor to which he was allotted by calling out, "Receive Number So-and-So." The jailer in that particular corridor answered, "Send him on." The prisoner mounted alone, went straight on, and on his arrival found the jailer standing near an open door. The jailer said, "Here it is, Sir." The prisoner entered, the jailer shut the door, and they passed on to another.

The *Coup d'État* acted in a very different manner toward the various Representatives. Those whom it desired to conciliate, the men of the Right, were placed in Vincennes; those whom it detested, the men of the Left, were placed in Mazas. Those at Vincennes had the quarters of M. Montpensier, which were expressly re-opened for them; an excellent dinner, eaten in company; wax candles, fire, and the smiles and bows of the governor, General Courtigis.

This is how it treated those at Mazas:

A police van deposited them at the prison. They were transferred from one box to another. At Mazas a clerk registered them, weighed them, measured them, and entered them into the jail book as convicts. Having passed through the office, each of them was conducted along a gallery shrouded in darkness, through a long damp vault to a narrow door which was suddenly opened. This reached, a jailer pushed the Representative in by the shoulders, and the door was shut.

The Representative, thus immured, found himself in a little, long, narrow, dark room. It is this which the prudent language of modern legislation terms a "cell." Here the full daylight of a December noon only produced a dusky twilight. At one end there was a door with a little grating; at the other, close to the ceiling, at a height of ten or twelve feet, there was a loop-hole with a ground-glass window. This window dimmed the eye, and prevented it from seeing the blue or gray of the sky, or from distinguishing the cloud from the sun's ray, and invested the wan daylight of winter with an indescribable uncertainty. It was even less than a dim light, it was a turbid light. The inventors of this crenated window succeeded in making the heavens squint.

After a few moments the prisoner began to distinguish objects confusedly, and this is what he found: Whitewashed walls, here and there turned green by various exhalations; in one corner a round hole guarded by iron bars, and exhaling a disgusting smell; in another corner a slab turning upon a hinge, like the bracket seat of a *fiacre*, and thus capable of being used as a table; no bed; a straw-bottomed chair; underfoot a brick floor. Gloom was the first impression; cold was the second.

There, then, the prisoner found himself, alone, chilled, in this semi-darkness, being able to walk up and down the space of eight feet square, like a caged wolf, or to remain seated on his chair, like an idiot at Bicêtre.

In this situation an ex-Republican of the Eve, who had become a member of the majority, and on occasions sided somewhat with the Bonapartists, M. Émile Leroux, who had, moreover, been thrown into Mazas by mistake, having doubtless been taken for some other Leroux, began to weep with rage. Three, four, five hours thus passed away. In the mean while they had not eaten since the morning; some of them, in the excitement caused by the *Coup d'État*, had not even breakfasted. Hunger came upon them. Were they to be forgotten there? No; a bell rang in the prison, the grating of the door opened, and an arm held out to the prisoner a pewter porringer and a piece of bread.

The prisoner greedily seized the bread and the porringer. The bread was black and sticky; the porringer contained a sort of thick water, warm and reddish. Nothing can be compared to the smell of this "soup." As for the bread, it only smelled of mouldiness.

However great their hunger, most of the prisoners during the first moment threw down their bread on the floor, and emptied the porringer down the hole with the iron bars.

Nevertheless the stomach craved, the hours passed by, they picked up the bread, and ended by eating it. One prisoner went so far as to pick up the porringer and to attempt to wipe out the bottom with his bread, which he afterward devoured. Subsequently, this prisoner, a Representative set at liberty in exile, described to me this dietary, and said to me, "A hungry stomach has no nose."

Meanwhile there was absolute solitude and profound silence. However, in the course of a few hours, M. Émile Leroux—he himself has told the fact to M. Versigny—heard on the other side of the wall on his right a sort of curious knocking, spaced out and intermittent at irregular intervals. He listened, and almost at the same moment on the other side of the wall to his left a similar rapping responded. M. Émile Leroux, enraptured—what a pleasure it was to hear a noise of some kind!—thought of his colleagues, prisoners like himself, and cried out in a tremendous voice—"Ah, ha! you are there also, you fellows!" He had scarcely uttered this sentence when the door of his cell was opened with a creaking of hinges and bolts; a man—the jailer—appeared in a great rage, and said to him,

"Hold your tongue!"

The Representative of the People, somewhat bewildered, asked for an explanation.

"Hold your tongue," replied the jailer, "or I will pitch you into the dungeon."

This jailer spoke to the prisoner as the *Coup d'Etat* spoke to the nation.

M. Émile Leroux, with his persistent parliamentary habits, nevertheless attempted to insist.

"What!" said he, "can I not answer the signals which two of my colleagues are making to me?"

"Two of your colleagues, indeed!" answered the jailer; "they are two thieves." And he shut the door, shouting with laughter.

They were, in fact, two thieves, between whom M. Émile Leroux was, not crucified, but locked up.

The Mazas prison is so ingeniously built that the least word can be heard from one cell to another. Consequently there is no isolation, notwithstanding the cellular system. Hence this rigorous silence imposed by the perfect and cruel logic of the rules. What do the thieves do? They have invented a telegraphic system of raps, and the rules gain nothing by their stringency. M. Émile Leroux had simply interrupted a conversation which had been begun.

"Don't interfere with our friendly patter," cried out his thief neighbor, who for this exclamation was thrown into the dungeon.

Such was the life of the Representatives at Mazas. Moreover, as they were in secret confinement, not a book, not a sheet of paper, not a pen, not even an hour's exercise in the court-yard, was allowed to them.

The thieves also go to Mazas, as we have seen.

But those who know a trade are permitted to work; those who know how to read are supplied with books; those who know how to write are granted a desk and paper; all are permitted the hour's exercise required by the laws of health and authorized by the rules.

The Representatives were allowed nothing whatever. Isolation, close confinement, silence, darkness, cold, "the amount of *ennui* which engenders madness," as Linguet has said when speaking of the Bastile.

To remain seated on a chair all day long, with arms and legs crossed. Such was the situation. But the bed! Could they lie down?

No.

There was no bed.

At eight o'clock in the evening the jailer came into the cell, and reached up and removed something which was rolled up on a plank near the ceiling. This "something" was a hammock.

The hammock having been fixed, hooked up, and spread out, the jailer wished his prisoner "Good-night."

There was a blanket on the hammock, sometimes a mattress some two inches thick. The prisoner, wrapped in this covering, tried to sleep, and only succeeded in shivering.

But on the morrow he could at least remain lying down all day in his hammock?

Not at all.

At seven o'clock in the morning the jailer came in, wished the Representative "Good-morning," made him get up, and rolled up the hammock on its shelf near the ceiling.

But in this case could not the prisoner take down the authorized hammock, unroll it, hook it up, and lie down again?

Yes, he could. But then there was the dungeon.

This was the routine. The hammock for the night, the chair for the day.

Let us be just, however. Some obtained beds, among others MM. Thiers and Roger (du Nord). M. Grévy did not have one.

Mazas is a model prison of progress; it is certain that Mazas is preferable to the *piombi* of Venice, and to the under-water dungeon of the Châtelet. Theoretical philanthropy has built Mazas. Nevertheless, as has been seen, Mazas leaves plenty to be desired. Let us acknowledge that from a certain point of view the temporary solitary confinement of the law-makers at Mazas does not displease us. There was perhaps something of Providence in the *Coup d'Etat*. Providence, in placing the Legislators at Mazas, has performed an act of good education. Eat of your own cooking; it is not a bad thing that those who own prisons should try them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SITTING BULL.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of the New York *Herald* for the interesting series of sketches on our first page, from the pencil of Mr. JEROME B. STILLSON, who accompanied the SITTING BULL commission as the special correspondent of that journal. Our readers will remember that the conference, which took place in October, ended in SITTING BULL'S contemptuous rejection of the proposal that he should return to the United States with his people, or enter into any negotiations with our government for that object. Before the arrival of the commission, the cunning savage declared he would not even converse with its members, so implacable is his hatred of Americans. When he did meet them his first act was rude, even for a savage; he squatted himself on a buffalo-robe, lit his pipe, and as much as said that the commission which had come to interview him could "go to the devil." To the propositions presented by General TERRY in the President's name SITTING BULL returned defiant and insolent replies, and in the most emphatic language expressed his determination to remain in the dominions of his "great mother."

Fort Walsh, where the conference took place, lies in a valley a little north of the dividing line between the United States and Canada, and is distant about two hundred and fifty miles by trail from Fort Benton, on the Missouri River. The hills in the rear are partially wooded with aspens, pines, and other kinds of trees. SITTING BULL'S own camp is situated several days' journey to the east of Fort Walsh, in the Wood Hills. Our portrait of the chief was taken on the sly, and is probably the only authentic likeness of him in existence. Mr. STILLSON was afforded the opportunity to make the drawing during the conference, by the United States Commissioners and Dominion officers, who placed him in a position where he could sketch without being observed by the Indians. SITTING BULL had refused permission to have his likeness taken, saying that it would be "bad medicine," that is, unlucky.

The Wood Hills, or Mountains, as they are sometimes called, where SITTING BULL had established his Canadian home, form the water-shed of the region between the Missouri and the south branch of the Saskatchewan. So well watered is the locality that the number of small streams which run through the district comprising the hills is almost countless. The principal streams are the Big Muddy Creek, Quaking Ash Creek, two branches of the Poplar River (East and West), Porcupine River, Little Rock River, and Frenchman's River, besides a number of other streams, which have unpronounceable Indian names. SITTING BULL displayed great sagacity in the selection of his place of refuge. The rich valleys of the Wood Hills have always afforded shelter to the buffalo and hunter alike, while the many streams which course the region afford an abundant supply of good water throughout the year. The wood consists chiefly of aspen, poplar, common ash, and the ash-leaved maple, with some oak, cotton-wood, and smaller varieties.

SITTING BULL'S camp contains nearly 3000 souls, men, women, and children. His warriors number about 500. They have separate lodges, and nothing but soldiers' duty is required of them. His own lodge is near the principal guard-house of the encampment, and is carefully watched day and night for fear of assassination.

WHITE EAGLE, whose portrait we give, is the chief of the Gros Ventres—a tribe visited by the Commissioners on their way to the Dominion border. He is very old, and one of the most noted chiefs in the Northwest.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	9.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	16.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Friday,	21.—St. Thomas, the Apostle.
Sunday,	23.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	25.—Christmas-day.
Wednesday,	26.—St. Stephen, the Martyr.
Thursday,	27.—St. John, the Evangelist.
Friday,	28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	30.—Sunday after Christmas.

THE Methodist Mission Committee, at its session beginning November 14, in this city, appropriated for the coming year the sum of $676,907. This was divided as follows: To foreign missions, $268,077; missions in Territories of the United States, $14,000; English-speaking (or home) missions within the bounds of the Annual Conferences, $148,000; Scandinavian missions, $13,000; German, $39,950; Chinese, $10,500; American Indian, $3380; miscellaneous, $67,000; for liquidation of the debt, $120,000. The exact decrease in liabilities for the year, as stated by the treasurer, was $92,979.

Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF has done a valuable service to religious literature by reprinting the address delivered by him in Edinburgh on the "Harmony of the Reformed Confessions." The service he has rendered is important because, while conservative in doctrine, he perceives the fact that ours is "a century of revival and reconstruction." Thus he recognizes the progressive element in theology. "Divine truth," to give his exact language, "as revealed in the Scriptures, is unchangeably the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever; but it must be ever reproduced, newly appropriated and represented in all its phases. The human understanding and exposition of the truth are steadily progressing with the Church itself, though passing through many obstructions and reactions." He suggests, as one means of a restatement of the doctrinal consensus of the Reformed Churches, "a new Œcumenical Reformed Confession." He would have this new confession to be "the creed of the Reformation translated into the theology of the nineteenth century, with a protest against modern Romanism and rationalism."

Monsignor MERMILLOD, the exiled Swiss bishop, has found out a new method of bringing back priests who have gone over to the Old Catholics. He buys them with the ready cash. The names of the men who have stooped to this infamy are LANGLOIS, RENAULT, and GROULT. The price paid is not made public, only GROULT confesses to having received 2500 francs on account.

The Spanish government has been censured much of late for prohibiting all public Protestant worship; it is now to be commended for forbidding interference with the conscientious convictions of Protestants. It has reproved the mayor of Ignatoraf for influencing, not to say commanding, Protestant parents to bring their children to a Catholic priest for baptism. The order, issued in the king's name, says: "His Majesty, desiring to make respected the principle of freedom of conscience and religious profession which constitutes one of the rights of Spaniards and of every person inhabiting this realm, has ordered you to be informed of the displeasure with which he has seen the conduct of the mayor of Ignatoraf, and to enjoin him to abstain from employing the influence of his authority in any thing relating to the free exercise of the religion of any person in the limits marked out by the Constitution and the laws."

The venerable City Road Chapel of London, the centre of Wesleyan Methodism in England, is about to have its centenary commemoration. Its corner-stone was laid by JOHN WESLEY April 21, 1777; it was opened for worship November 1, 1778. Of the first of these events the founder of Methodism made this memorandum: "The rain befriended us much by keeping away thousands who purposed to be there; there were still such multitudes that it was with great difficulty I got through them to lay the first stone." In the rear of the church WESLEY is buried, and near him lie many of his eminent associates and followers. It is expected that a trust debt of £2500 upon the chapel will be paid by November 1, 1878, when the centenary celebration will take place.

Mrs. CAROLINE A. MERRILL, of this city, the widow of Captain NATHANIEL W. MERRILL, though a Protestant both by education and association, has lately left in her will the bulk of her property, amounting to $340,000, to Archbishop M'CLOSKEY. This proceeding is so strange that relatives are about to contest the will. They claim that priestly influence was used when her mind was in a weak state.

The anti-confessional memorial to the Queen of England has now received 200,000 signatures.

The Roman Curia is determined to punish every one within its jurisdiction who does not unite in the demand for the restoration of the temporal power. Father CURCI, the editor of the famous Jesuit organ the *Civilta Cattolica*, some time since addressed a letter to the Pope in which he advised the head of the Church to give up his claim of political sovereignty, and to place the Church "under the protection simply of Christ." The Pope resented this counsel as an impertinence. By some means the letter found its way into the columns of the Paris *Univers*. CURCI has been expelled from the Jesuit Society, to which he has belonged for fifty years.

One of the original opponents of the dogma of infallibility in the Vatican Council, Monsignor VON SCHERR, Archbishop of Munich and Freising, died in October. He left the Council before the vote was taken. Subsequently he made his submission, and was very active in resisting the spread of Old Catholicism in Bavaria.

Of late years the Society of Friends has given much attention to Sunday-schools. A national biennial Conference was held by them at Indianapolis November 12–15, which was attended by a large number of delegates. Among the speakers were STANLEY PAMPHREYS, of England, Dr. RHOADS, of Philadelphia, and BENJAMIN FRANKLAND, of Chicago. The addresses nearly all related to Bible study; one of them discussed the "Relation of Bible Study to Foundation Principles held by the Society of Friends." The next Conference will be held two years hence, and probably in North Carolina.

The popularity of the Rev. JOSEPH COOK has become like that of Mr. MOODY when Mr. MOODY was in our great cities. His lectures are republished at full length in numerous papers. Between his Mondays (which he spends in Boston) he has numerous lecture engagements, and in every instance crowds gather to hear him. Of the last of his series of four in Rochester, New York, a correspondent of the *Examiner* says: "A cloudless night, the fact that it was the last opportunity to hear JOSEPH COOK, and that a good many held hitherto unused tickets, may show what the audience was. Crowded is no name for it."

Dr. CROSBY'S society in this city for the "prevention of crime" is operating with increasing vigor. The decision of the Court of Appeals that sellers of spirituous liquors must be also innkeepers has led to the provision of some alleged conveniences by the liquor-sellers for the accommodation of travellers. This is so obviously a mere evasion that it is hardly expected to hold good in law. There are 8000 liquor shops in the city in which there can be no serious pretense of providing hotel accommodations. These Dr. CROSBY'S society aims to suppress. Dr. CROSBY'S theory is that such places are sources of crime, and that in the interests of good order they should be closed.

The fourth annual Christian Convention of Dublin was held the third week of October. This meeting is one of the fruits of the work of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in Ireland, and is also a proof that the effects produced by them there are likely to be permanent. About 400 ministers were in attendance; the audiences varied from 4000 to 8000 persons. The topics discussed were wholly practical. Among the speakers were Professor MONOD, of France, Canon WYNNE, of the Irish Church, and Captain MORETON.

The English contributions for the relief of the India famine will most likely exceed $2,500,000; already over $2,250,000 has been received. Madras has lately been much relieved by an abundant rain-fall. Nearly 270,000 persons at one time employed on public works or subsisting by charity are now taking care of themselves. Still the suffering is frightful. In Bangalore from seventeen to twenty-eight corpses of victims of the famine are picked up in the streets daily. Two suggestions have been made for the prevention of the terrible suffering which now invariably follows a failure of the crops in India. One is the extension of the railway system, so that help may be more readily brought to destitute districts; the other, which comes from the Chinese ambassador in London, is that opium-culture should be abandoned, and a greater area of land sowed with grain. Both suggestions are good.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a matter of interest to many residents of Brooklyn, as well as to others who watch the increase of literary and scientific organizations in our country, that the Long Island Historical Society is making arrangements for the erection of a new building. The library and museum connected with the society have increased so greatly that present quarters are much too restricted. The 26,000 volumes include not only valuable historical literature, but such works on art, mechanics, theology, etc., as make it a useful reference library for all students. The association has over 1100 members, 430 of whom are life members. Semi-monthly meetings are held, when lectures are delivered on historical, literary, or scientific subjects; and the library rooms are open daily. The new building will be erected on a plot of ground owned by the society, at the corner of Pierrepont and Clinton streets. It is expected that it will not only contain ample accommodations for the library, reading-room, museum, and picture-gallery of the society, but for small conversation-rooms, a well-appointed lecture-room, and apartments to be rented as artists' studios.

The United States now bids fair to be respectably represented at the Paris Exposition. The passage of the appropriation bill by Congress and the general arrangements made by government will give the necessary impetus to private persons and business firms who desire to exhibit specimens of various industries.

Some discussion has arisen in the Board of Health and elsewhere in consequence of the recent cremation of the infant child of a German chemist of this city. It appears that the child died from natural causes; a regular permit for the burial was obtained; but afterward the parents decided upon a different disposition of the body. Accordingly the father cremated it in the furnace at his own laboratory. The Board of Health did not regard this proceeding as suitable without a special permit. While there might be no objection to cremation, as far as the Board of Health was concerned, it should be conducted not only in an inoffensive manner, but only on a permit obtained from the Sanitary Superintendent. If every person was permitted to cremate the bodies of his or her relatives without having first obtained a permit from the board, the officials of the department would be unable to keep track of the deaths in this city, and the bodies of murdered people might be disposed of in this manner to conceal the crime.

Now is the season to watch for the fire fiend. Every day brings news of the destruction of property, and the suffering consequent upon it, even when no lives are lost. By a recent fire in Chicago something like 800 persons were deprived of their daily work, which in many cases means simply their daily bread; and by the destruction of the Borden Mill at Fall River 450 employés were turned out of employment. Guard against the suspicion of carelessness in regard to fire.

Three earthquake shocks have marked this last autumn month. The East, the West, and the South have been shaken. No very serious damage is reported, beyond a general disturbance of timid minds.

A Thanksgiving dinner for disabled soldiers and for the widows and orphans of those who fell in the late war will be provided under the superintendence of the ladies of the Soldiers' Relief Association. Contributions of provisions may be sent, November 27 and 28, to the armory of the Twenty-second Regiment, Fourteenth Street, and donations of money to Mrs. John A. Kennedy, president, 135 West Twenty-second Street, or to Mrs. William F. Havemeyer, treasurer, 335 West Fourteenth Street. Although this association has no established home, it is doing a work of charity and patriotism in which every loyal citizen will sympathize. From about three hundred homes of soldiers comes an annual appeal for aid. Those who can not send contributions in season for the Thanksgiving dinner may feel assured that later donations will be equally acceptable, and that they will be most conscientiously applied to the relief of soldiers and their families. The ladies of the association look hopefully to those who have assisted them in past years, and desire to enlist the sympathies of others in behalf of disabled soldiers.

Alaska has a white population of less than four hundred. When this territory was ceded to the United States there were about five hundred Indians and half-breeds in the country. A majority of these, taking advantage of an offer from the Czar of a free passage for Russian subjects to his territory, left the country some time ago. The remaining Alaskan Indians resent the presence of the whites; and American residents—who are officials and those who are engaged in trade with the natives—ask for arms to protect their lives and property.

Julia Kavanagh, well known as a writer of fiction, died suddenly at Nice a short time ago. She was fifty-three years old, and for more than thirty years had devoted herself to literature.

A novel method of courtship exists among the native Indians of Ecuador. The lover goes to the woods and obtains game, which he presents to the maiden. This is the proposal. If she accepts, she cooks the meat. Thus the suitor knows the lady's capacity for cooking, and she can judge somewhat of his ability to provide food.

"I would like a pair of pantaloons," said a meek-looking young man who lately called at a clothing store in Lewiston, Maine. The trousers were produced, and the customer got into the bifurcated garment, and pronounced it a fit. "I would like to try on a vest," he remarked; and he seemed pleased with the vest. "Had the firm a good coat?" A nice coat was fitted to him. "And an overcoat?" He was clothed in a very natty over-garment. As it did not purport to fit very well, the gentleman in waiting was asked to go and find a garment a little larger. The garment a little larger was brought forward, but no meek customer was there. He had slid out of the door noiselessly, and slipped into an alleyway. He left his old clothes.

A sad story is told of a French nobleman who starved to death a short time ago in a London cellar. Le Comte de Lally-Tollendal was proud as well as poor. He did not beg; but every morning he strolled into the office of the agent of a French benevolent society, and came out with a parcel under his arm. It was a loaf of bread. He was a thoroughly sober man and a courtly gentleman. One morning some one who met him on the street told him he looked ill. "Yes," said the count, with proud reserve, "I must go and consult my physician." The next morning he was found dead in the cellar.

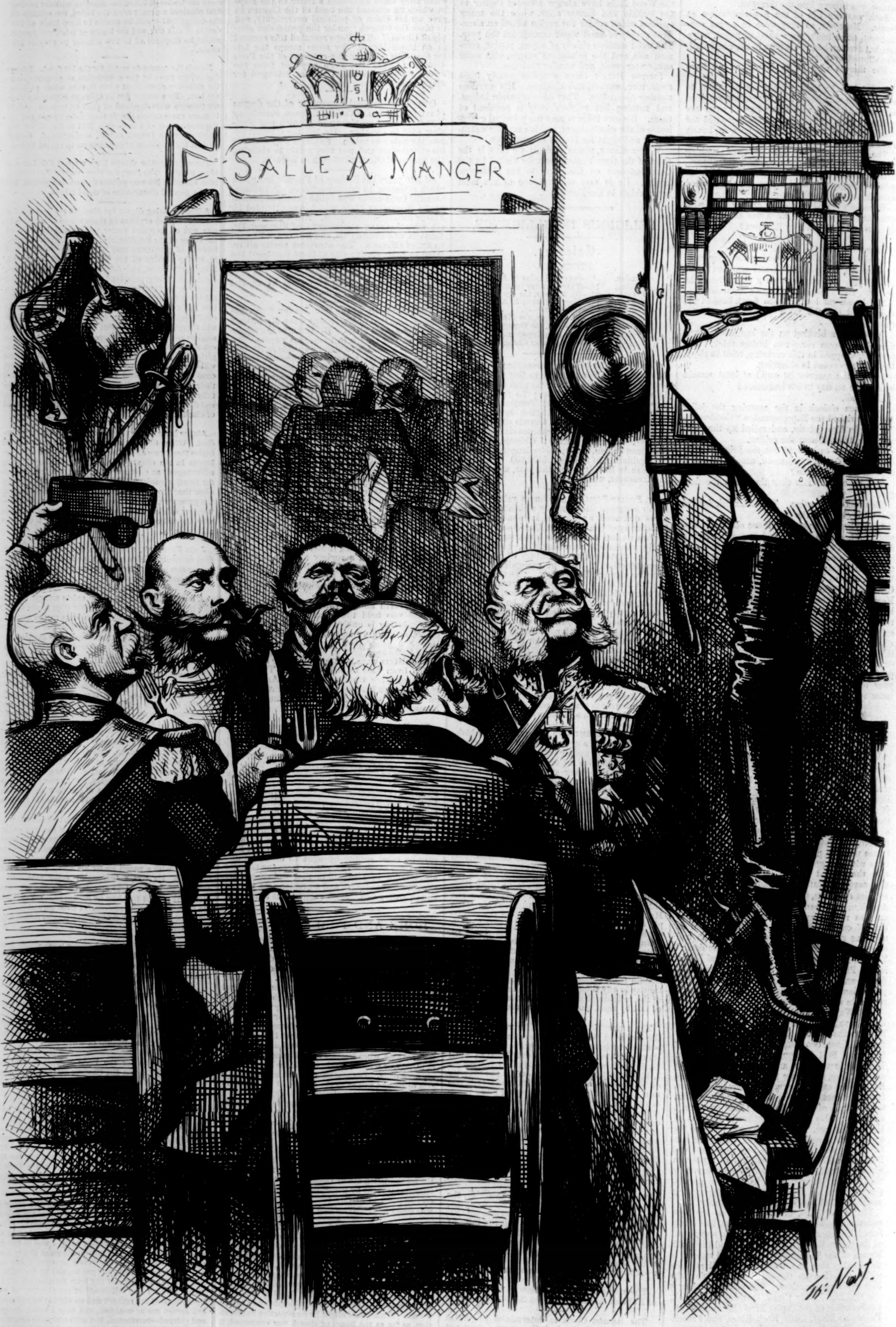
Last year several engraved stones were stolen from the cases of the British Museum. Seven of these were found in the Cabinet of Engraved Stones at the Hague, and have been returned to the British Museum.

Reports concerning the success of the New Bedford whaling vessels have been received, which give their owners assurance of success on the part of some of them at least. Nine of the ships return with a total of between ten and twelve thousand barrels of oil, and over sixty thousand pounds of whalebone.

The Trocadero for the Paris Exhibition and the principal building on the Champs de Mars have been completed, and the arrangement of the interior has begun.

Turkish children are not allowed to know just how old they are, for some superstitious reasons. So the recruiting officers determine for themselves the age of youthful volunteers. They measure the youth's neck with a string. If the circumference is more than the length of his face, he is deemed old enough for the army. If, however, the circumference of the neck is less than the length of the face, the boy is considered to be too young for campaigning.

Adelina Patti, when recently relating the story of her life to a Viennese journalist, mentioned the following fact, illustrating her childish inclinations: "When a little child I was passionately fond of music and the theatre. Whenever my mother sang, I was at the opera; every melody, every gesture, became firmly fixed on my mind. Then, after being brought home and put to bed, I would secretly get up, and by the light of the little lamp enact for my own satisfaction all the scenes which I had witnessed at the theatre. A red-lined cloak of my father's and an old hat of my mother's served me as costume, and thus I acted, danced, and chirped—barefooted, but with romantic drapery—through all the operas." At the age of seven her genius was put to the test to aid in the support of her parents.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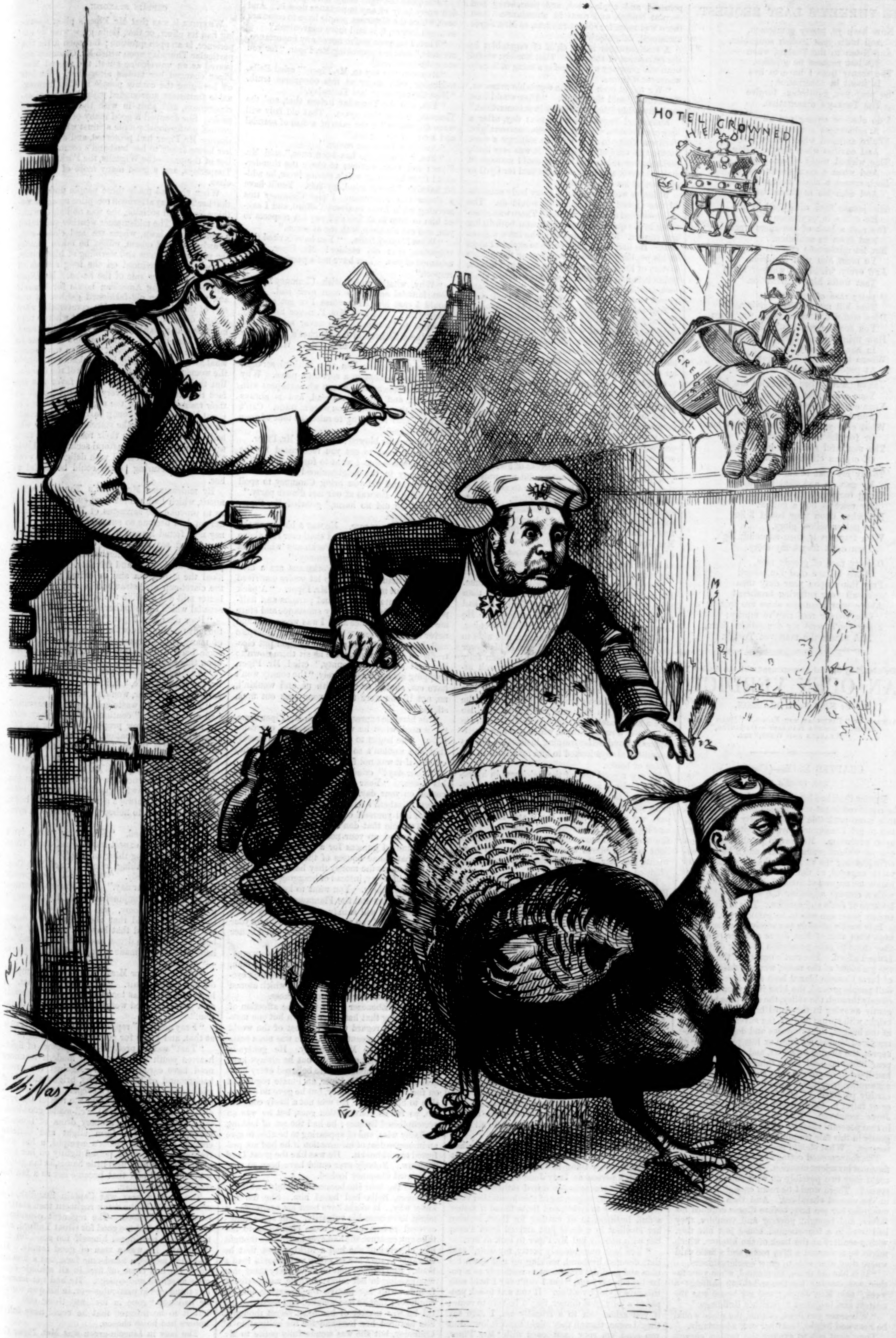
Th: Nast.

THANKSGIVING ON THE OTHER SIDE.—No. 1.


HOTEL CROWNED HEADS
GREECE
Th: Nast

THANKSGIVING ON THE OTHER SIDE.—No. 2.

THE TURKEY'S LAST REQUEST.

Now hark ye, merry gentlemen,
And hush your foolish squabbles,
And listen to the Turkey, when
His last request he gobbles.
The scanty time I have to live
Is spent in observation;
So pray you, gentlemen, forgive
The Turkey's dissertation.

I do observe among you all
A selfishness surprising;
You're satisfied when others fall,
And envious when they're rising.
This wicked world a barn-yard is,
And when a corn shower rattles,
Each craves a share that is not his,
And with his neighbor battles.

The jaunty fowl with head in air,
He crows in exultation;
The rest a look of meekness wear,
And fawn in adulation.
But let misfortune clip his wings,
Ye meet him with suspicion,
And every friend the whisper flings
That wafts him to perdition.

O petty race of greedy men
That kill me at Thanksgiving,
Does conscience never prick you when
You see the way you're living?
How many of you spend your days
In honest, cheery labor?
Whose head upon his pillow lays
At peace with every neighbor?

You're merry when the skies are fair.
Your selfishness pursuing;
Your charity is cold and spare,
And left for others' doing.
What care you for the poor man's lot,
Or for the widow's sighing?
The mournful sound ye hear it not
Of orphan children crying.

To-day my coat is old and brown,
My gait an awkward hobble;
'Mong barn-yard fowls I seem a clown,
My voice is but a gobble.
But when upon your board I lie
In golden-yellow glory,
With fragrant incense steaming high,
Then don't forget my story.

O petty race of greedy men,
When I have died for others,
Pray think upon your duty then
To all your suffering brothers!
Above your head the skies are fair,
O'er yonder roof they're murky:
I beg you'll send my drumsticks there,
And please the martyred Turkey.

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AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.—(*Continued.*)

MRS. PIPER'S DAY.

BEFORE Cyril had been at Little Yafford a month he contrived to get the school-master transferred to a more profitable situation forty miles away, and to get Emmanuel Joyce accepted as master upon probation. He was to do the work for a quarter without remuneration; and if he succeeded in pleasing the Vicar and church-wardens, was to be engaged, at the end of that time, at the handsome stipend of five-and-thirty pounds a year, with a cottage adjoining the school, and an allowance of coals and candles. This in Yorkshire twenty years ago was to be passing rich.

It is hardly possible to conceive greater happiness than that of Mrs. Joyce and her son when they came to take possession of their cottage at Little Yafford. The rustic beauty of the village, the grandeur of the moor, where golden patches of furze blossom blazed here and there upon the dull purple ground, the blue river winding capriciously through the valley, the dark pine branches gently swaying in the April breeze, the gardens bright with spring flowers, the silvery blackthorn in the hedges, the primroses and dog violets, the scattered houses, all more or less picturesque of aspect, the sloping meadows, and orchards full of pear blossoms—all these things, to people who had lived in one of the most loathsome corners of a manufacturing town, were as a revelation of an earthly paradise. Could heaven itself be sweeter or fairer? Could death ever enter here, Mrs. Joyce wondered. Was there any coffin-maker in that peaceful village? The thread of life, spun gently in this fair tranquillity, must surely run on forever. What should snap it?

The four-roomed cottage seemed to the Joyces the most luxurious mansion. Four rooms! What could they two possibly do with such a world of space? There would be room enough for ghosts in the unused chambers. And then Mrs. Joyce reminded her son how, before illness crippled his father, and brought poverty and troubles, they had lived in a four-roomed house just like this, with a scullery at the back of the kitchen, which might be accounted a fifth room, and a little yard where they were able to grow scarlet-runners.

"It is like old times, Emmanuel, when your father was earning his five-and-thirty shillings a week," said Mrs. Joyce, "and my house was the neatest and brightest in Saville's Buildings."

"Wherever you lived, mother, the place would be neat and bright," said her son, admiringly.

They went out to explore the garden, enraptured with every thing. It was quite an extensive garden, nearly a quarter of an acre. There were potatoes, and apple-trees, and gooseberry and currant bushes, and roses in abundance. And there was room for scarlet-runners, as Mrs. Joyce exclaimed, delightedly.

A scarlet-runner is the chief of vegetables in the estimation of the poor. That homely, useful bean will grow any where, and is a thing of beauty wherever it grows.

"We might even try some vegetable marrows, Emmanuel," said the widow. "They would look so pretty behind the rose-bushes in summer-time."

Emmanuel began his work next day, after a long conversation with Mr. Culverhouse overnight. Cyril was going to allow him ten shillings a week during this time of probation. It was very little, perhaps, but the frugal widow could manage to make it serve, and it was a great deal for Cyril to give out of his small means.

Before a week was ended every body concerned was agreed that Emmanuel would do. The children liked their new master. There was something in his quiet manner which won both liking and respect. It was thought that he knew a great deal. He had taken the trouble to explain things to his pupils. He had enlarged upon the meagre history of England, in which the kings and heroes, politicians and churchmen, were the merest shadows, and had told the boys of the greatness and power that had been in their native land since Alfred the Saxon kindled the light of letters in a barbarous country. The more intelligent of the boys were delighted with him; even the stupid ones brightened under his tuition. He was so keenly interested in his work. The pupils could hardly find their lessons a burden when the master took so much pleasure in them.

On Sunday he sat at the end of the church, with his pupils ranged before him on a row of benches beside the organ.

He kept them in wonderful order, and the occasional dropping of marbles and attacks of spasmodic coughing which had been apt to disturb the congregation under the rule of Emmanuel's predecessor were no longer heard.

Cyril was delighted at the success of his scheme. The Vicar and church-wardens did not wait for three months of probation to come to an end before they expressed their satisfaction. At midsummer, Emmanuel Joyce was formally appointed school-master, and his salary began from that time. The school-house was beautifully kept by Mrs. Joyce, the cottage and garden were a picture of neatness, unsurpassed by any house or garden in Little Yafford. Cyril had the deep delight of knowing that he had made two people happy.

His own life went on very quietly all this time. He was certainly happier at Little Yafford than he ever could have been at Bridford. He had plenty to do, and his work was successful. He saw the church crowded on a Sunday evening, and knew that people came from far and wide to hear him preach. Had he been vain of his power as a preacher, his vanity might have been fully satisfied. The week-day services were well attended. The people led better lives than when he had first come among them. There was less drunkenness; there were fewer brawls. Over the young people his influence was all-potent. He gave a more intellectual tone to their lives. He had opened a reading-room, which was now a self-supporting and self-governing institution, but its committee always looked to him for advice in the choice of books.

He saw a good deal of the Dulcimers in his occasional leisure hours, and with the kind and genial Vicar he was always happy. The keenest pang that he felt in all his sad memories of the past was when he passed the Water House, and saw its darkened windows, and remembered that she who should have reigned there as a centre of light and happiness was a wanderer none knew where, her fair fame overshadowed, her youth blighted.

He called once in a way on Mrs. Piper of the Park, not often, for the thought of Bella had never been entirely agreeable to him after that conversation with Mrs. Dulcimer, in which he had, in a manner, found himself accused of having misled the young lady—or, at any rate, the young lady's friends—as to his intentions. Now that she was married he had certainly no need to be uneasy on that score; but the recollection was an uncomfortable one, and he had a feeling about Mrs. Piper much too near dislike to be altogether Christian.

Bella, in all the fullness of her new powers, was not a person to be easily kept at a distance. She wanted captives at her chariot wheels to make her triumph complete, and she was particularly anxious that Cyril Culverhouse, who, according to her own idea, had scorned her in her poverty, should see and wonder at her splendor and elegance. She pestered him with invitations, all of which he found it impossible to decline without marked discourtesy, more especially as Mr. and Mrs. Piper were regular worshipers at the parish church, and liberal subscribers to all local charities.

Bella had taken it into her head to receive her friends upon one particular day of the week. It was quite a new thing in Little Yafford—except for such a person as Lady Jane Gowry, who was a privileged eccentric—and had rather a foreign flavor. At the beginning of this institution visitors were slow to arrive, and Bella found it rather a dull business to sit waiting for them, looking her loveliest in a dress just arrived from Paris, but with nobody but Mr. Piper to look at her.

"You look uncommonly pretty, my dear," said that devoted husband, walking up and down his blue and gold drawing-room as restlessly as a polar bear in his cage, "but I can't say I hold with this new style of visiting. If you was to ask people to a jolly good dinner, they'd be sure to come; if you asked 'em to a friendly tea, I dare say they'd come, though they might think it low. But you send 'em your pasteboard with 'Mrs. Piper, Thursdays, at home from four to six,' and I'll lay they don't know what to make of it."

"It's quite the right thing, Mr. Piper. In London every body of any importance does it. And here, where the distances people have to come are so much longer, it is still more convenient."

"Then I suppose you're not of any importance, my dear," said the provoking Mr. Piper, "for you see nobody comes."

"How can you say so, Mr. Piper?" cried Bella, reddening with anger at this obnoxious truth. "Miss Coyney came last Thursday."

"Yes, and the Thursday before that, and the Thursday before that again. That old lady will come any where for the sake of a dish of scandal and a cup of strong tea."

"And Mrs. Dulcimer comes."

"Yes, I believe she has been once," said Mr. Piper; and then, anxious to chase the thunder-cloud from his young wife's stormy brow, he added, hastily: "Never mind, my lass. You'll have a visitor this afternoon. I met Chumney this morning when I was in Great Yafford, and I asked him to drop in at five and pay his respects to you, and eat his chop with me at seven."

"What!" cried Bella. "You have invited that vulgarian, your old cashier! Mr. Piper, I am ashamed of you. You have not a particle of self-respect."

"Why, what's amiss with Chumney? The most faithful servant a man ever had. Why should I cast him off because I've got a pretty young wife? The first Mrs. P. never made any objection to Chumney. She never said a word about the difference in the butcher's bill, let me bring him home as often as I might. Why should you object to him?"

"I don't object to him as a faithful servant, but let him be kept in a servant's place. Why bring him home here?—a man who eats peas with his knife, and bites his bread, and is always talking of the time when you were in trade. Can't you see that I am trying to raise the tone of your surroundings—"

"The tone be blowed!" muttered Mr. Piper.

"That I want to get you recognized by the county people—that I want to force you into the best society in the neighborhood? You must know this, and yet you bring Chumney to spoil every thing. He was at our last dinner party."

"Well, he did no harm," growled Mr. Piper, waxing savage.

"He was an eye-sore. He was a blot upon the whole thing. Do you think I shall ever rise above your Wigzells and your Porkmans while you weigh me down with Mr. Chumney?"

"My Wigzells and my Porkmans are a deal pleasanter than the stuck-up lot *you've* contrived to bring about me," retorted Mr. Piper. "A pack of shabby-genteel lawyers and parsons and half-pay captains that eat up my substance and stare me out of countenance as if I was wax-work, and never offer me bite nor sup in return. I despise such half-and-half gentry. I'd as soon put electroplated goods on my table as sit them down to it. And as for the county," cried Mr. Piper, snapping his fingers derisively, "the county won't have cut, shuffle, or deal with us, and wouldn't, no, not if you were to put your eyes out upon sticks!"

This horrible expression, which Mr. Piper sometimes used when he was in a passion, overcame Bella. She began to cry, and murmured meekly that she wouldn't so much mind Mr. Chumney coming if it was not her "day."

"Your day!" cried Mr. Piper, growing bold in his scorn. "Your day be hanged! Nobody comes on your day. You might as well call it Queen Elizabeth's day, or Nebuchadnezzar's day. You've laid yourself out to know a parcel of arrogant people that don't want to know you, and you've turned up your nose at people that give three hundred guineas for a pair of horses, and live in handsome houses of their own building, and brag about the money they have earned with their own industry, instead of bragging about their great-grandfathers. You want to keep company with the Tudors and the Plantagenets. Nothing less than that will satisfy you. But they won't have you, and if you want any one to admire your fine clothes and eat your fine dinners, you'd better be content with my friends."

Mr. Chumney's arrival brought the conversation to an abrupt finish. He was a long lean man, with iron-gray hair and whiskers, thick black eyebrows, and an intelligent expression which atoned in some measure for his gaunt ugliness.

He loved Ebenezer Piper with the affection of a faithful dog that has never known but one master, and with regard to all the rest of the world he was strictly misanthropic. He was not a scandal-monger, like Miss Coyney. He generally thought the worst of people, but he always kept his thoughts to himself. He believed every business man, except Mr. Piper, an innate rogue and on the verge of insolvency, but he gave no expression to his doubts. He was not a lively companion, so far as conversation goes, but he was an accomplished listener; he had the art of looking ineffably wise, and of appearing to be able to give an immense deal of information if he had not preferred to withhold it. He was like the great Lord Thurlow. Nobody ever could have been so wise as Samuel Chumney looked.

From the hour she became acquainted with Mr. Chumney, Bella had hated him. She did not know why. It might have been his eyebrows; it might have been his vulgarity. For some undiscovered reason he was more obnoxious to her than any creature she had ever met. She thought him clever, and she had a lurking idea that he was able to read her as easily as he would read a book. She fancied that he knew every thing that was passing in her mind; that he was perfectly familiar with her motive for marrying his old employer; that he had weighed and measured her till he was master of her most secret thoughts. She lectured her husband for his cultivation of Chumney, but she was wonderfully polite to Mr. Chumney himself. She feared him too much to be discourteous to him.

CHAPTER L.

CAPTAIN STANDISH.

WHETHER it was that Mr. Piper's plain speaking had its effect, or that Bella grew wise by experience, is an open question; but soon after the particular Thursday upon which Mr. Chumney appeared as an unwelcome guest, the second Mrs. Piper changed her tactics altogether. She left off besieging the county people in their impregnable fortresses, surrounded with the moat of exclusiveness, and shut in with the portcullis of pride. She dropped a good many of those ultra-genteel professional people against whose impertinence Mr. Piper had protested, and she opened her house freely to her husband's commercial allies of the past—the Wigzells, the Porkmans, the Timperleys, and a good many more of the same class.

When she had made these people understand that her Thursday afternoon reception meant something lively and sociable, she was no longer without visitors. The midsummer weather suggested a tent on the lawn, where tea and claret-cup, strawberries and cream, might be taken amidst the perfume of roses and warbling of blackbirds. Archery was introduced on the long stretch of grass on the other side of the ha-ha. Mr. Piper insisted on having American bowls for himself and friends in an old-fashioned garden on one side of the big square mansion, comfortably shut in by a dense holly hedge—a retreat where a man might smoke a clay pipe and be vulgar at his ease.

The Wigzells and their compeers all came in handsome carriages; and if the men were somewhat given to eccentricity in their hats and collars, the women all dressed in the height of the fashion. But their highest claim to Bella's favor was the fact that they brought very pleasant people in their train—officers of the regiment stationed at Great Yafford, clever young barristers, lawyers of higher standing than the starched solicitors who had retired to cultivate their roses and air their self-importance in the pastoral seclusion of Little Yafford. Bella perceived with delight that even these manufacturing people could be useful to her.

By midsummer Mrs. Piper's Thursday afternoons, which had at first been such dire failures as to provoke the sarcasms of Miss Coyney and her set, had become so successful that Miss Coyney now found herself a neglected atom in the crowd, and sat apart with one of her chosen friends, breathing condemnations of this new phase of worldliness and frivolity. Miss Coyney liked the strong tea and unlimited pound-cake, the claret-cup and strawberries and cream, and better still did she like the large opportunity for scandal which these gatherings afforded her.

"Poor dear Mrs. Piper!" she sighed, meaning the lady reposing under the sumptuous monument of many-colored marbles. "If she could only come back to earth for an afternoon and look upon this scene! If!"

"Ah," echoed Miss Coyney's friend, Mrs. Namby, the doctor's wife, "if, indeed! She would be surprised, poor dear, wouldn't she?"

"To think of the waste going on in the servants' hall now, my dear," continued Miss Coyney, with the tone of a Hebrew prophet bewailing the follies of his misguided nation. "It was bad enough in the first Mrs. Piper's time, though there never was a more careful housekeeper. I've heard her lament it many a day. *What* must it be *now?*"

Miss Coyney opened her eyes very wide as she dwelt upon this awful question, and poor little Mrs. Namby, who always agreed with every body, but wished harm to nobody, opened hers in sympathy.

"Ah," she sighed. "She's very young, isn't she? You can't expect much carefulness from such a pretty young thing as that."

"Pretty young thing, indeed!" cried Miss Coyney, contemptuously. "We've all been pretty young things in our day." This was an assertion which, taken in conjunction with Miss Coyney's present physiognomy, was rather difficult to believe. "But did that absolve us from doing our duty? Would that have excused us if we'd been given over to dress, and dissipation, and"—here Miss Coyney made a long and solemn pause —"*flirtation?*"

"Oh," cried poor Mrs. Namby, almost jumping off her garden chair. "Pray don't say that. I hope Mrs. Piper has too much respect for herself as a young married woman to be guilty of flirtation."

"I say nothing," replied Miss Coyney. "Look at that, and judge for yourself, Mrs. Namby."

"That" was as pretty a living picture of light-hearted youth as a painter of modern manners need have cared to paint. Against the green background of beech boughs, bright with their midsummer shoots, upon a carpet of velvet sward, stood two figures apart from the rest of the revelers—a man in gray, tall, well-made, good-looking; a woman in an archery dress of Lincoln-green, setting off a form slight and delicate enough for one of Diana's nymphs, a hat and feather, *à la* Rosalind, poised lightly on her burnished auburn hair, neat little hands, in tan gauntlets, and a tall bow that became her as a fan becomes an Andalusian.

The man in gray was Captain Standish, the crack captain in the crack regiment then stationed at Great Yafford. The regiment considered itself a great deal too good for Great Yafford, and the captain considered himself too good for the regiment. He was a man of good family. He had large means, a handsome face, and a fine figure. He had come off first in all athletic exercises at school and college. He had not learned any thing else in particular—or, in his own words, he had not "gone in for" any thing else. He left it to be inferred that he could have taken honors had he so chosen.

The lady in Lincoln-green was Mrs. Piper the second. She had instituted these archery meetings for her own pleasure as well as that of her friends, but she had not yet learned to hit the gold. The three tall Misses Porkman had been beating her ignominiously in this afternoon's contest. Captain Standish had taken her in hand, and was giving her a lesson in the management of her bow.

"Well, really, now, I can't see any harm," said Mrs. Namby. "He's giving her a lesson, don't you see? She's a poor hand with a bow and arrows."

Miss Coyney gave a prolonged sniff.

"Mr. Piper may approve of such goings on," she said. "I don't think I should if I were in his place. Look at him bending down to speak to her, and look at her giggling and blushing like a silly school-girl. If you don't call *that* flirting, the word must have a different meaning from what it had in *my* time."

The jerk of Miss Coyney's bonnet seemed to imply that she had done her share of flirting in the days that were no more, and was an acute judge of such matters.

Mrs. Namby looked at her with awe, marveling what valiant knight of an extinct chivalry could ever have had the courage to flirt with Miss Coyney.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRENCH REPUBLICANS.

SIX months of doubt and peril, commercial disorder, distress, and often utter ruin, have passed over Frenchmen since President M'Mahon, at the command of the Vatican, drove Jules Simon from office and plunged the nation into one wide scene of political disorder. The 16th of May, 1877, is one of those marked days in French history that its writers love to commemorate and make the dividing epoch of a new story. It was a signal of disaster to France. The trade of Paris languishes, Lyons finds no purchasers for its silks, work decays, the honest suffer, and for six months the nation has been agitated by an agonizing terror and by the imminent peril of civil war. And the cause of this fatal crisis has been the hatred of a few ultramontane prelates for republicanism. One can scarcely believe the startling fact. It seems incredible that from so apparently weak a source should spring such disasters to a powerful and prosperous nation, or that thirty-six millions of men, in the close of the nineteenth century, should be brought to the verge of civil war by the intrigues of a few foreign priests. Yet the fact is not denied by the priests themselves, and every ultramontane journal in Europe and America defends and triumphs in the attempted betrayal of the liberties of France.

Many of the incidents of this political campaign in France are singularly instructive, and show with what regularity and good order elections may be conducted under an unrestricted universal suffrage. Except where the government officials, in a few instances, drove voters from the polls by actual violence—for they usually preferred to use in general less open means of intimidation—there was little disorder, and no personal conflicts, no riots nor bloodshed. At Paris, the centre of republicanism, where the repressive measures of the government had been unusually provoking, malicious, and even childish, the working classes deposited their votes with calmness, and defeated their ultramontane foes by an enormous majority. Still more remarkable were the firmness and good sense of the people of the provinces. They showed themselves resolute Republicans in spite of all the efforts of the priests and prelates, the land-owners and the nobles. It is a peculiar trait of the toleration of the modern French Republicans that titles of nobility are still in use, that ribbons, stars, and crosses are still highly valued by men not altogether without intelligence, that nothing is disturbed in general society except the privileges of caste and royalty. In France all men are at least born "free and equal;" and it is a useful commentary on those celebrated words to see how perfectly applicable they are to the present condition of Frenchmen, and how resolutely the people have come forward to exercise the right of suffrage. For one moment, at least, France has been free. Napoleonists, Orleanists, Legitimists, have been defeated at the polls, and the ultramontanes find all their projects and intrigues baffled by the majesty of the people.

Madame De Staël discussed the question, "Are Frenchmen made to be free?" Her grandson, the Duc de Broglie, endeavored to answer it by imposing upon France the yoke of the Vatican. Education, morals, faith, were to be given over once more to the rule of the priesthood, and the principles of Louis XIV. to be revived in the nineteenth century. It is exceedingly interesting to those who observe with care the gradual advance of free principles in Europe, amidst many disasters and frequent checks, to see how perfectly the reactionary party has been overthrown at the polls, and with what good sense, order, propriety, the French people have decided in favor of moderate yet pure republicanism. The theory of human equality—which was discussed in the Roman Forum—has been applied in France in a liberal form, and the nobles and the untitled, the peer and the peasant, are equal before the law, and know no difference at the ballot-box. Happy the country in which these distinctions have never existed, which knows no nobility and no commonalty, in which these perilous privileges of caste have never imbittered its political contests! They destroyed Roman freedom; they sapped the purity of the republics of the Middle Ages; they are the chief peril of modern progress; and France, by a delicate toleration of the shadow, seems to have destroyed the substance. It may be hoped that the De Broglies and M'Mahons can never renew it.

The correspondent of the London *Times* gives some interesting incidents of the election in the western provinces. Here is an account of a Republican meeting: "We met in a large new shed made for wine casks. There were no seats, and we stood on the bare earth, the open room and shed being lit by a few spirit-lamps. There were about 1000 of us packed like herrings, and the only confusion during the evening arose from men who had walked a great distance begging for standing room. The men were all peasants." Yet the meeting was conducted with strict democratic simplicity and good order; the speaker, a respectable land-owner, the Republican candidate, held his rustic audience for nearly two hours in eager attention. He told them of the designs of the clerical party, of the danger to freedom, the boldness of the Vatican. Unbounded applause followed him, and the meeting broke up amid loud cries of "Vive la République." On Sunday the election took place. The Mayor and his bureau and a few of the inhabitants sat in the communal school-room; the peasants walked quietly in and deposited their tickets without "the slightest stir." The correspondent was charmed with the demeanor of the people. There was no buffoonery nor uproar; all was quiet and grave decision. He adds: "And so far from thinking that the French nation are not yet educated for the exercise of civil duties, I do not hesitate to say that, in my humble experience, they are the only modern people who perform these civic rites with an outward bearing that is uniformly intelligent as well as dignified." He gives, too, some criticisms not particularly complimentary to the conduct of English and American voters; and certainly paints a scene of general composure and dignity that throws new light upon the character of the Republican movement in France.

The men, too, who are the leaders of the French Republicans are respectable, moderate, sincere, sometimes of the highest ability, but often marked chiefly by plain good sense. M. Grévy, the favorite candidate for the Presidency, the Speaker, as we say, of the House of Deputies, is distinguished for his moderation, intelligence, and private worth. He is about sixty years old. He took part in the revolution of 1830, and has ever since been known as an active Republican. He was President of the National Assembly, he has been elected President of the new House, he is one of the leaders of the French bar. Gambetta has declared himself the advocate of moderate reforms, peace, education, progress. The Deputies from the provinces usually belong to the same political school. Order, economy, peace, knowledge, are their watch-words. They see that the age of violence is past, and that men should live upon the earth in peace together; they hear the mad threats of the Bonapartists and the clericals with generous disdain; they are anxious only to maintain a tolerant republic, which shall permit variety of opinion, but enforce its own laws on all, which shall insure the rights of property and labor, and place France at the front of the progressive nations. Religion is to be respected; Protestantism will receive that liberty which has been denied it heretofore by priestly intrigues; a public-school system will be carried out by the new rulers; France is at last to be free.

Meantime no humane intellect but must hear with horror the outspoken threats of the Bonapartists and the clericals. Some of their leaders call upon M'Mahon to arm, to plunge into civil war, to defy the power of the people, and lead on the army against France. The rage of the conspirators, their fanaticism, is extraordinary. Their language is so wild, so barbarous, so frantic, as to seem almost the drivel of madmen. Contrasted with the moderate policy of the Republicans, their projects seem even ludicrous. What should we say to a political party which when beaten at the polls should threaten New York with revolution, or New Orleans with general massacre, which would substitute violence for the ballot-box, or defy the will of a united people? Yet this is the abyss into which Cassagnac and the clerical editors would plunge France. In every household in Paris there is doubt and terror; in every commercial city of France, we are told, business ceases, orders are countermanded, contracts broken; over all the rational and peace-loving communities of the provinces hangs a fearful hesitation, because a few fanatical priests, a few blood-thirsty politicians, are eager to invoke the spirit of civil war, to wreak their vengeance upon the people who have discarded them.

Fortunately these mad politicians are in a poor minority. Even the army, it is said, is Republican. The age of violence, we may trust, is over forever in France. The age of true liberty is near. And the lover of freedom and of human equality may find much that is cheering, the student of political progress much that is instructive, in all the recent conduct of the French Republicans.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE PENNY RESTAURANT.

A NOVEL enterprise in the restaurant business was recently started at 413 Grand Street, in this city, on the basis of giving good and wholesome dishes at a price so low that nobody with a cent in his pocket need go away hungry. "One cent a plate" is the rule, and though two cents will buy a larger portion, the quantity given for one is quite generous, and the quality excellent. "Cheap and nasty" does not apply to this establishment.

Admission to the restaurant is gained by a short flight of steps, which lead into a neatly papered room about fifteen feet square, well lighted and ventilated. There are three tables, each of which will accommodate six people. In one corner of the room is a large stove, and on one side a board or counter covered with pies and other temptations to the hungry. The regular bill of fare gives the following prices: A small cup of tea or coffee, with sugar and milk, one cent; a cup of the ordinary size, two cents; bread and butter, one cent; soup, one cent; a slice of corned beef, one cent; a baked or boiled potato, one cent; cabbage, one cent; baked beans, one cent; boiled or fried mush, one cent; oatmeal, one cent; boiled rice, one cent; a quarter of a pie, three cents; apple dumplings, oyster stew, mutton-chops, lamb pot-pie, five cents. The quality of all these things, as already said, is excellent; the one-cent portions are small, yet a fair appetite could be appeased for five cents, and a ravenous one for ten. Every thing is clean, and the cooking is good.

A reporter for *Harper's Weekly* visited this restaurant lately, and found every thing neat and orderly. The guests were all respectable in appearance and dress. The newsboys and boot-blacks, for whose special benefit the restaurant was originally intended, are chiefly accommodated in another room, as it was found almost impossible to keep them in order. Several entered while our reporter was waiting. One urchin remarked that he was "flush," and was going to have a regular "buster." He gratified his appetite at the extravagant price of seven cents. Another, who at first pronounced the place a "skin," because he couldn't get a plate of roast beef and baked beans for one cent, finally expended three cents for coffee and two plates of solid food, and left, grumbling but satisfied.

The woman in charge of the place says the business already pays. "The margin for profit is small," she remarked in reply to a question, "but it will be enough to live on if the crowds come as they have been coming. We have to buy close and waste nothing, but by careful management there is a profit on every cent's worth we sell."

One advantage of the place is that a man who has only a cent to spend can get sufficient to stay the gnawings of hunger, while for five or six cents a very hearty and wholesome meal can be obtained. No liquors or tobacco are sold there, and smoking is not allowed on the premises. Our illustrations on page 968 give a good idea of the place and of the people who frequent it. So great has been the rush for cheap dinners that the proprietor contemplates a removal into larger quarters.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE most interesting features of the weather for the month of September, according to the review published by the Signal Service Bureau, were the cyclones of the Gulf of Mexico and of the Caribbean Sea, the drought and prairie fires in certain regions, and the universal high temperatures. The highest temperatures recorded for the month were 112° at Fort Yuma, 107° at Maricopa Wells, 100° at San Antonio, 98° at Sacramento, etc. As in the preceding monthly report, the National Observatory has furnished a series of observations on the appearance and disappearance of sun spots.

Among recent deaths in the ranks of men of science we have to mention that of the venerable John G. Anthony, formerly of Cincinnati, but for a number of years past connected with the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge. Born in Providence in May, 1804, he spent the earlier part of his life in business in Cincinnati; but devoting his leisure time to the study of conchology, this pursuit gradually absorbed his attention. Some years before the death of Professor Agassiz, he transferred his residence to Cambridge, bringing with him his very valuable collection of shells, and since then he had charge of the conchological department of the Cambridge Museum, conducting the correspondence and exchanges connected with its administration. He was one of the party accompanying Professor Agassiz in his celebrated scientific expedition to Brazil.

The corner-stone of a building for the accommodation of the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences was laid on the 4th of October, and is almost the first edifice west of Chicago intended for purely scientific purposes. The structure will be completed in the course of the winter, and is intended to accommodate the library and collections. The Academy is a young institution, which has grown very rapidly, and has already assumed a prominent position among establishments of this kind in the United States. This is due principally to the excellent character of its Transactions, filled with interesting information, and especially rich in subjects relating to American archæology.

The *Chemical News* records the death, on the 12th of September, of Mr. Richard Apjohn, a young chemist of great promise. Graduating with distinction in Dublin, he spent some time in the study of his favorite science in Germany, and in 1874 was elected Prælector of Chemistry in Caius College, Cambridge. He published quite a number of essays and articles relating to chemical subjects, and had several additional researches on hand at the time of his death.

The second biennial meeting of the International Congress of Americanists was held at Luxembourg on the 10th of September, and was more fully attended than its predecessor. Several American communications were presented, especially by Messrs. Gillman, Force, and Moody. As indicated by the title of the Congress, the subjects laid before it were peculiarly American, and related equally to the northern, southern, and central portions of the continent.

A hydrographic survey of the Baltic was made during the month of July last by two vessels, belonging to the Swedish navy, placed at the disposal of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Stockholm. A grant of $2500 was also made, to cover the expense of three such expeditions. The whole of the Baltic was examined along thirty-four lines, measuring together more than 23,000 English miles. At each of 200 stations the temperature and salinity of the water were ascertained at the surface and at several different depths down to the bottom. About 1800 determinations of temperature were made, and a corresponding number of samples of water taken.

New apparatus, it is said, was used for this purpose, differing from that employed by the British and other national expeditions. The general results show that the Baltic consists of three strata, differing greatly in temperature, and often sharply defined, namely, an upper stratum, warmed in summer to a high temperature; a second, in which the cold of winter still prevailed to a great extent; and a third, of a somewhat higher temperature than the middle stratum. These were of great thickness where the depth was considerable. In the Gulf of Bothnia the temperature diminished to the bottom, as in the ocean, in proportion to depth.

Mr. W. H. Fox Talbot, the inventor of the photographic process known as the Talbot-type, died on the 17th of September, at the age of seventy-seven. His early tastes led him in the direction of chemistry, and in 1833 he, almost simultaneously with Mr. Daguerre, conceived and carried into execution a process for the photographic reproduction of the images of the camera, although by different methods. Mr. Daguerre announced his discovery in 1839, Mr. Talbot in 1840, who, however, did not patent his discovery, freely giving it to the public.

Several improvements and modifications of his original method were published by him, the subject occupying his attention for many years. Latterly, however, his tastes had carried him into a very different department of investigation, namely, antiquarian, classical, and linguistic subjects.

Dr. C. A. White, paleontologist to the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, has spent the past season making a critical study of the mesozoic and cenozoic strata of the great Rocky Mountain region, and the results tend, in his opinion, to confirm in a remarkable manner the statement, so often expressed by Dr. Hayden in his annual reports, that the entire series of deposits are consecutive, from the Dakota group of cretaceous age below to the Bridger group of tertiary age above. The sedimentation was apparently continuous through all the changes, from marine to brackish and from brackish to fresh waters, that successively took place in that great region, although those changes in aqueous conditions produced corresponding changes in the then prevailing forms of invertebrate life.

From a report of the British consul-general to his government, on the fisheries of Norway for 1876, we learn that the result of the Loffoden cod-fisheries was very satisfactory, 22,000,000 fish having been taken—a greater catch than that of any year since 1860. The average price of the dried fish on the spot was one pound six shillings and eight pence per hundred. An unusual number of herrings was taken in the Loffoden district, serving an excellent purpose as bait. Salted squid were also successfully used, one barrel being considered equal to two barrels of herring. The Finmark cod-fishery failed almost altogether, the total catch amounting to only 3,500,000 fish. This great diminution in the usual quantity is likely to cause much distress among the fishing population. Other cod-fishing districts also furnished an inferior supply.

The total result of the herring fisheries for the year was estimated at 400,000 barrels; the remaining fisheries were below the average. The total number of mackerel exported amounted to 1,800,000. The importance of the mackerel fishery appears to be diminishing rapidly, as in 1871 more than 600 boats were employed, whereas in 1876 there were only 388.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HE was a graduate of Harvard, and he got a position on one of the Philadelphia dailies last week. "Cut that stuff of yours down," said the city editor, as the new man came in with a column where a stickful only was required. "Do you mean a judicious elimination of the superfluous phraseology?" mildly returned the Harvard man. "No, boil it down!" thundered the city editor. The new man is gone now—gone back to Boston. He says there ain't "cultuah" enough in Philadelphia.

Marriages are not plenty enough. The young ladies ought to get up a strike for their altars. The strike for the fires can come in afterward, when the question of building them comes up.

"See what you have brought me to!" remarked a Western man as, on his way to jail, he passed the wife whom he had tried to kill because the flap-jacks were only browned on one side.

A young lady in Brooklyn asked her young man why he called her his Ultra, and he courteously replied it was a Latin quotation. "This," said he, "is my knee, and when I add you to it I have my knee, plus Ultra, which is Latin for 'I don't want any thing more on my knee.' Don't you see, my darling?" She said she did.

An old bachelor explains the courage of the Turks by saying that a man with more than one wife ought to be willing to face death at any time.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

My Flora is the sweetest girl;
  One would half think she fed on flowers,
Did one not know she put away
  Much solid food at vulgar hours.

Her lips are red, and pink her cheeks;
  Her sweet young figure's nicely rounded;
Did you but see her at her lunch,
  By Jove, I think you'd be astounded!

Stay! stay! 'tis mean these little things
  Thus publicly to be reporting;
There is so much in Flora sweet,
  It ought and does take some supporting.

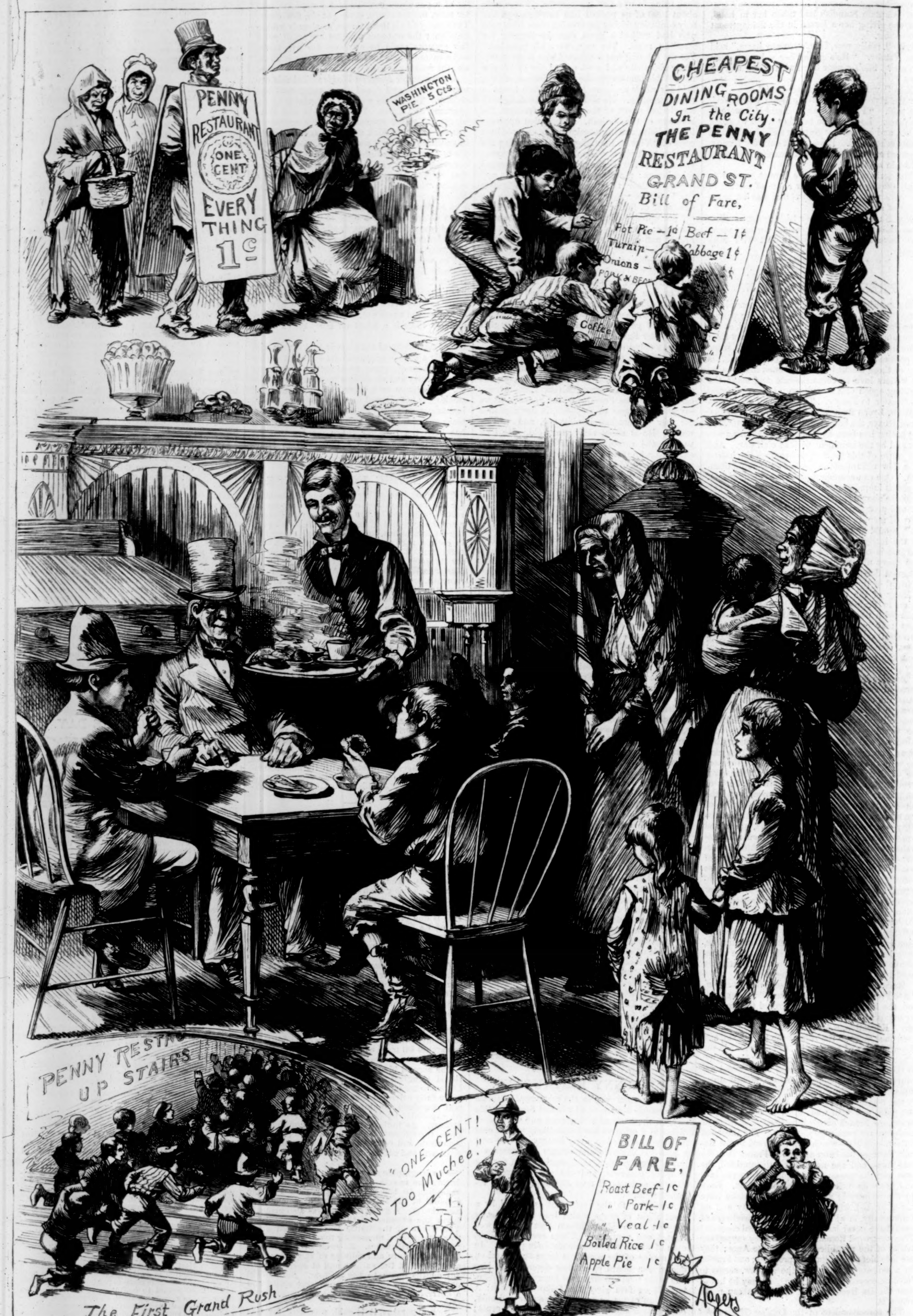
A young Madagascan brought into France inquired if all Frenchmen are doctors. Asked why he thought so, he replied that they all took his hand and asked after his health.

A meddlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said, "I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

CANDID HUSBAND. "I tell you what, Rosa, it was well I didn't meet that superb creature before our marriage."

WIFE (*with equal candor*). "It was, for you."

A New Hartford magnate, who seems to experience great satisfaction in dwelling upon the fact that he is a "self-made man," is given to poking sticks right and left without regard to politeness or propriety. The other day, in a crowded store, he commenced bantering a ne'er-do-weel of doubtful antecedents, who drifted into town some years ago, winding up his remarks as follows: "Say, now, did you ever have a father or mother?" "Sartin's you live," came back the reply, like a shot; "I'm none of your *self-made men*."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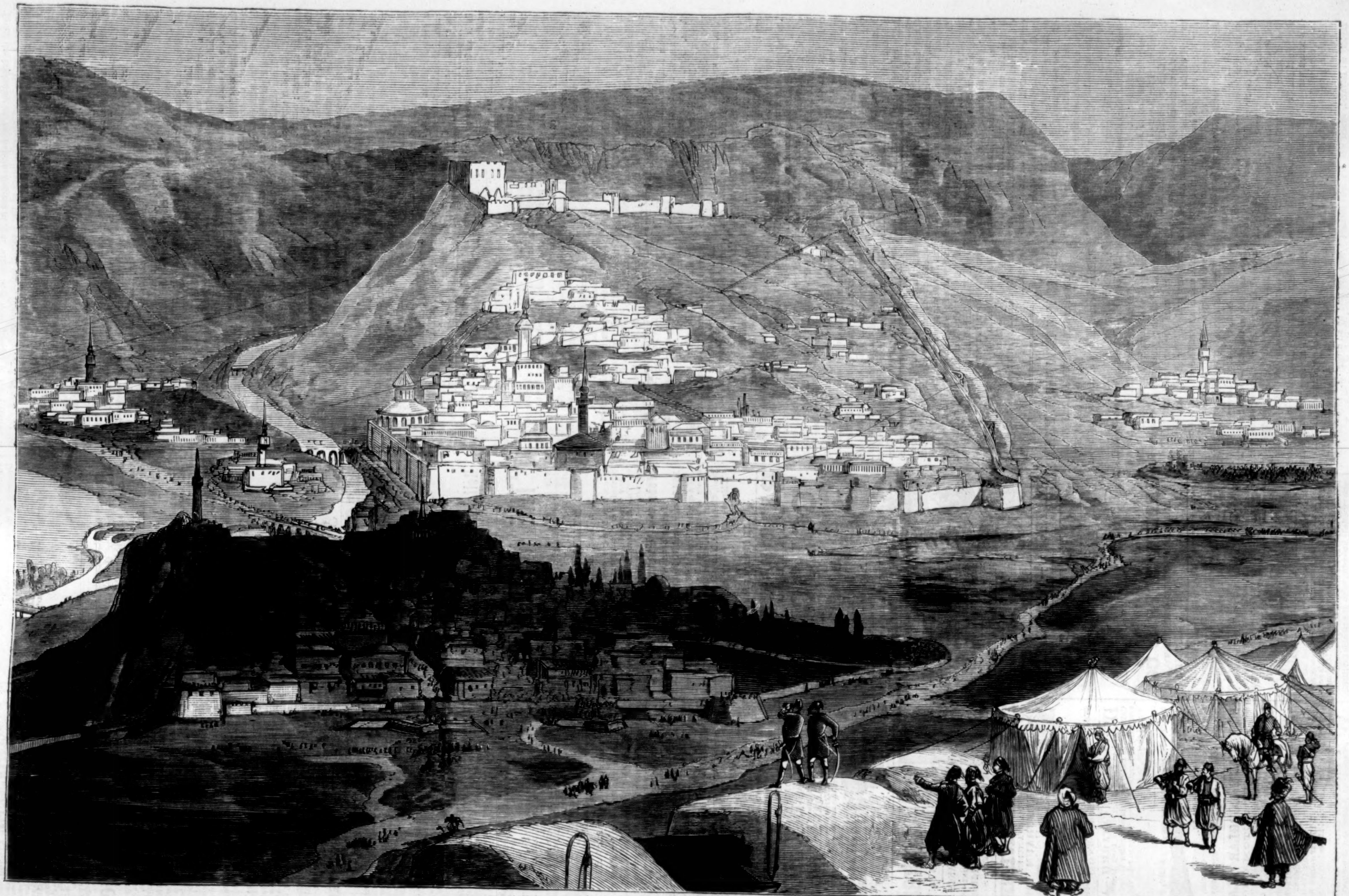
" Pork-1¢
Veal-1¢
Boiled Rice 1¢
Apple Pie 1¢
Rogers

THE PENNY RESTAURANT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 967.]



THE FORTRESS OF KARS, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS.—[See Page 970.]

KARS.

SINCE the beginning of the war the fortress of Kars has been the great objective point of the Russian army in Armenia. Unimportant as a town on account of its scanty population and languid industries, it has never failed to figure conspicuously, through its peculiar situation, in every contest between the Turks and their Muscovite enemies. Not only does it lie near the borders of the Turkish Empire in Asia Minor, but its natural advantages as a fortified position have made it the great barrier to any attempt at invasion on the part of a hostile army.

Kars lies about seventy-two miles south of Alexandropol, at the extreme end of one of the easternmost slopes of the Soghanli range, and is situated within a species of amphitheatre formed by the slopes of a high hill, which is cut through by the river Kars Tchai. The town is surrounded by a continuous wall, and the highest ridge of the hill is crowned by a citadel. These, however, were too weak to stand a protracted siege, and the Turks were wise enough to surround the town with strong detached forts, built mainly under the superintendence of foreign engineers, thus converting the place into a position of extreme strength. These exterior fortifications crown a ridge of hills which approach the town from the northeast and west; but the three principal forts are on the plain on the east and south of the town. All the surrounding heights compose these groups under the names of the Karadagh, the Shorakh, and the Tschakmack Hill. Fort Karadagh contains a curious elevated tower or battery called "Ziaret," together with defensive barracks and a glacis for defense by artillery and musketry. A second fort on the same height is Fort Arab, which, built on the rock on the top of a high precipice, commands the opposite bank of the river. There are fourteen forts in all, and of these Fort Hafiz Pasha, Fort Kanli, and Fort Suivarri are in the plain, and the remainder lie on the opposite or left bank of the river. Of these Fort Inglis is an inclosed lunette, and Fort Muchlis is an irregular lunette, the latter being open at the gorge, and situated on the Tschakmack plateau, where it falls steeply into the river. Fort Tachmash, which consists of two bastioned forts, and is intended to bar the approach to the Schorakh Heights, was stormed by the Russians in 1855. Fort Tikh-Tepessi is a work of bastioned race, and close by is a battery which was captured by the Russians on June 20; while Fort Laz-Tepessi, consisting of three distinct batteries, is situated on a rocky summit, the "Bashi-Bazouk" Hill, and dominates the whole neighborhood.

Yet in spite of these elaborate defenses, both natural and artificial, Kars has fallen. Impregnable as the position appears, a patient siege has been terminated by a successful assault; the battlements of the imposing citadel are swarming with Russian soldiers, and the standard of the Crescent has been replaced by that of the Cross. Kars was captured on the morning of Sunday, the 18th of November, by a force of about 1500 Russians, who climbed the steep rocks, ramparts, and walls, and routed an equal number of desperately fighting Turks, chasing them in a headlong flight over their ditches and parapets, and compelling them to die or surrender. The escalade had been originally fixed for the 13th, but was postponed, owing to the bad weather. The principal attack was made on the southern forts. General LAZEROFF commanded the right wing of the Russians, and attacked Fort Hafiz Pasha, which crowns a steep rocky height. General Count GRABBE, with a regiment of Moscow grenadiers and a regiment of the Thirty-ninth Division, assailed in the centre the Khauli-Tabia, Suivarri-Tabia, the three towers, and the citadel. The Ardahan Brigade and another regiment of Moscow grenadiers, under Generals ROOP and KOMAROFF, forming the left wing, assaulted Fort Inglis on the north. The attack began in the centre at 8.30 o'clock on Saturday evening, when Count GRABBE led his brigade against the Khauli redoubt, and himself fell dead at the first onset, pierced by a bullet. Captain KWADMICKI, of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, was the first to enter the redoubt, at 11 o'clock at night. His sword was cut clean out of his hand and his clothes pierced. The redoubt surrendered early in the morning, and then the three towers. Almost simultaneously with the capture of the Khauli redoubt, the citadel, Fort Suivarri, and Fort Hafiz Pasha were carried by assault. By daylight on Sunday morning General LAZEROFF's troops had made progress as far as the capture of Fort Karadagh. The other forts—especially the Arab-Tabia, on the east, and the Tachmash-Tabia, on the west—maintained a stubborn resistance until 8 o'clock, when all the garrisons which could escape fled toward Erzerum.

The view of Kars given in our engraving on page 969 shows the famous citadel surrounded by its various outworks. In the foreground will be seen the first line of Russian intrenchments, behind which the forces of the Czar have patiently waited their opportunity since April last. The story of the operations by which Kars was forced to yield will have an interest for our readers, who may like to compare its incidents with those of the famous siege of 1855, when, after a heroic defense of five months, the same fortress finally capitulated to the Russians under General MOURAVIEFF. The following account is condensed from an article recently published in the New York *Tribune:* "In the latter part of the month of April the Grand Duke MICHAEL, following closely the plan of campaign that proved so successful in the struggle of 1828, crossed the border into Armenia. His forces were divided into three columns. The right, consisting of cavalry only, advanced from Akhalzik, the centre or main army from Alexandropol, while the left, under TERGUKASSOFF, moved rapidly on Bayazid, which was captured without a shot being exchanged. Fearing that his retreat to Erzerum would be cut off, MUKHTAR, leaving twenty-nine battalions and eight batteries (three of which only were horsed) in Kars, retired in capital order, followed by the Russians, who succeeded in capturing a few prisoners, to the Hoonkiar-Dooz plateau on the Soghanli range. LORIS MELIKOFF, instead of following up these nine battalions, abruptly closed the pursuit, reached Kars with a few thousand men, and moved rapidly on Ardahan, which was taken by assault on the 16th of May, after two days' bombardment. Leaving a sufficiently strong garrison to hold the captured fortress, the Russian general returned to Kars and commenced the erection of siege batteries. The reconnoissance in force at the end of May from Ardahan on Olti so threatened MUKHTAR'S left that he threw it back, facing round in that direction on the Tscharkirbaba; but the position there not being very suitable, and, moreover, leaving open the roads from Kars to Erzerum, was abandoned on the 2d of June, and the Turkish army, then consisting of fifteen battalions, fell back on the Zevin plateau, which they intrenched, and from which they never stirred until they advanced in pursuit of MELIKOFF on the 28th of June."

In order to confirm his own retrograde movement, MUKHTAR PASHA then ordered MEHEMET PASHA, commanding the right wing, to fall back, still further intrench, and hold the Delibaba Pass. But on the 12th of June, learning that TERGUKASSOFF was much weaker than he originally supposed, the Mushir re-enforced his right by two battalions and a battery, and ordered the commander to attack and drive the Russians out of Zedikan. The result of these orders was the disastrous affair of Taghir on the 16th, retrieved by the energy and personal gallantry of the commander-in-chief at Eshak Khaliass on the 21st of June. MELIKOFF in the mean time had advanced from Kars with the object of forcing the Soghanli-Dagh, effecting a junction with TERGUKASSOFF at Kuprikui, and pushing straight on Erzerum. In making this movement he encountered the forces of FAIZI PASHA at Zevin, and was defeated with heavy loss. MELIKOFF at once retired upon Kars, whither MUKHTAR PASHA did not hesitate to follow him. The want of regular cavalry, the gross incapacity of MOUSSA PASHA, the Circassian commander, and the mutinous conduct of some of the troops, alone prevented the Turks from converting the retreat of the Russian forces into a regular rout. MUKHTAR PASHA, however, succeeded in raising the siege of Kars, and pushing after the Muscovite troops to within five miles of the frontier, took up a strong position on the range of hills running from Vezinkui to the Aladja Dagh. For six weeks the two armies lay facing each other, the Russians in their demoralized condition dreading an attack, and the Turks, with their faulty intelligence department, fearing to make one.

Finally, on the 18th of August, MELIKOFF made a general attack on the Turkish position. Again he was repulsed with heavy losses, and this time MUKHTAR PASHA followed up his victory by seizing the Kizil-Tepe hill, which by some strange neglect had been intrusted to a single battalion. He was unable, however, from the comparative weakness of his force, to follow up his success. His line was extended over a long stretch of territory, and at length the Russian commander, whose army consisted of over 70,000 men, inflicted upon him a crushing defeat at Aladja Dagh. This engagement took place on the 15th of October. It raged with great fury for several hours. The Turks were gradually forced back until, seeing further resistance would involve useless slaughter, they retreated beyond the ridge where they had taken their final stand, leaving every thing they had in the hands of the Russians, with the exception of their guns. They hovered there in the wilderness for a while, without water, food, fuel, or shelter, and then, despairing, surrendered.

Soon after this disaster MUKHTAR left part of his forces at Kars and retreated toward Erzerum. Here the Russians followed him, but no engagement took place until the 4th instant, when the two armies met at Deve-Boyun. MUKHTAR PASHA was again routed, and retired to Erzerum, where he is now besieged. The investment of Kars began soon after the battle of Aladja Dagh. The Turks made a sortie from the southeast of the town, but were repulsed. The Russians continued to press the siege, and finally were in a position to make with safety the general assault which has given them possession of the fortress.

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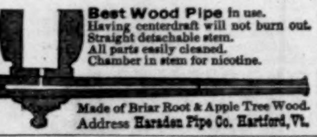

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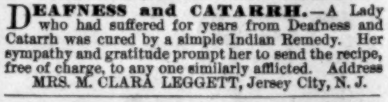

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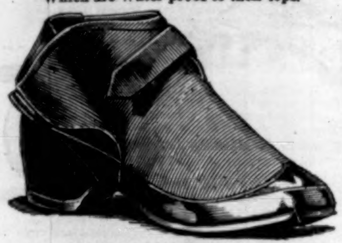

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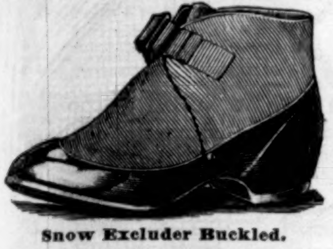

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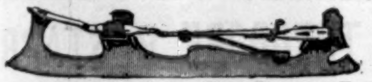

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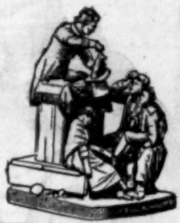

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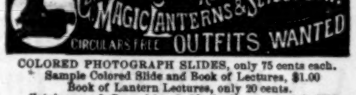

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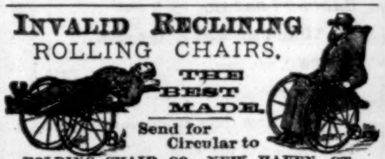
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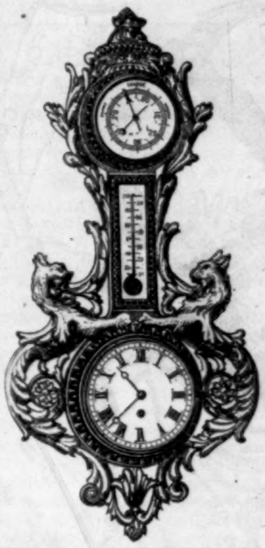

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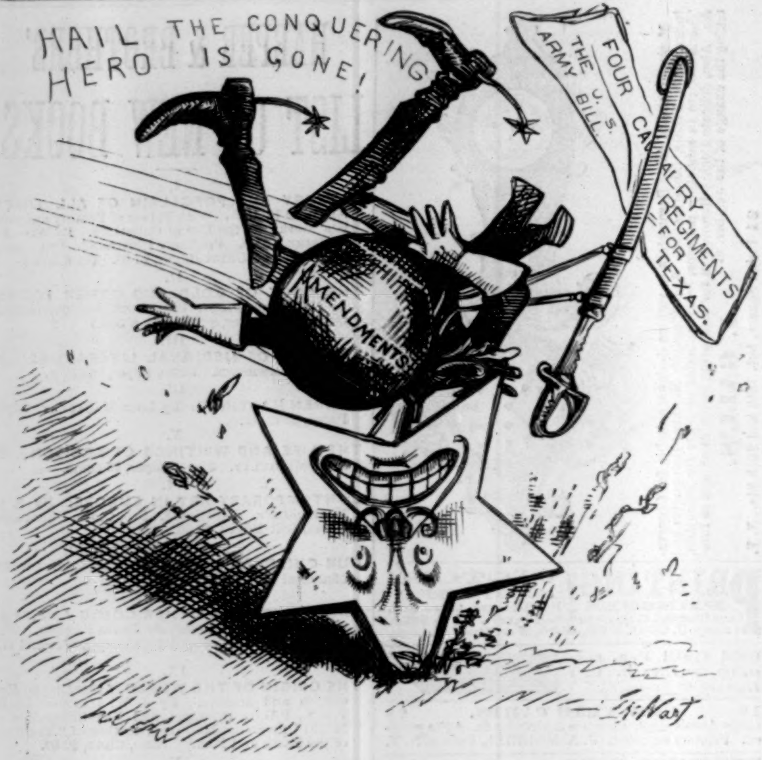
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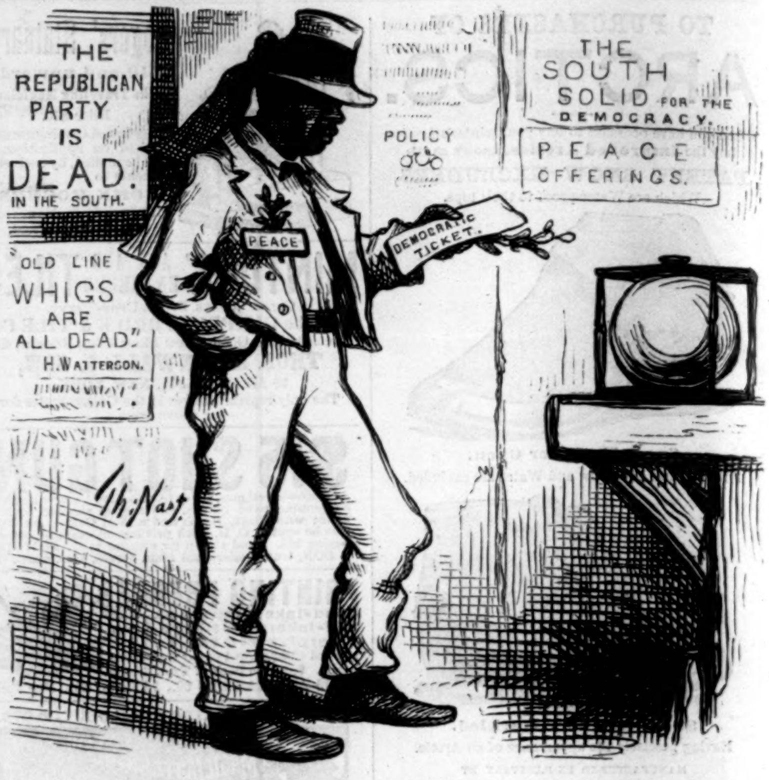
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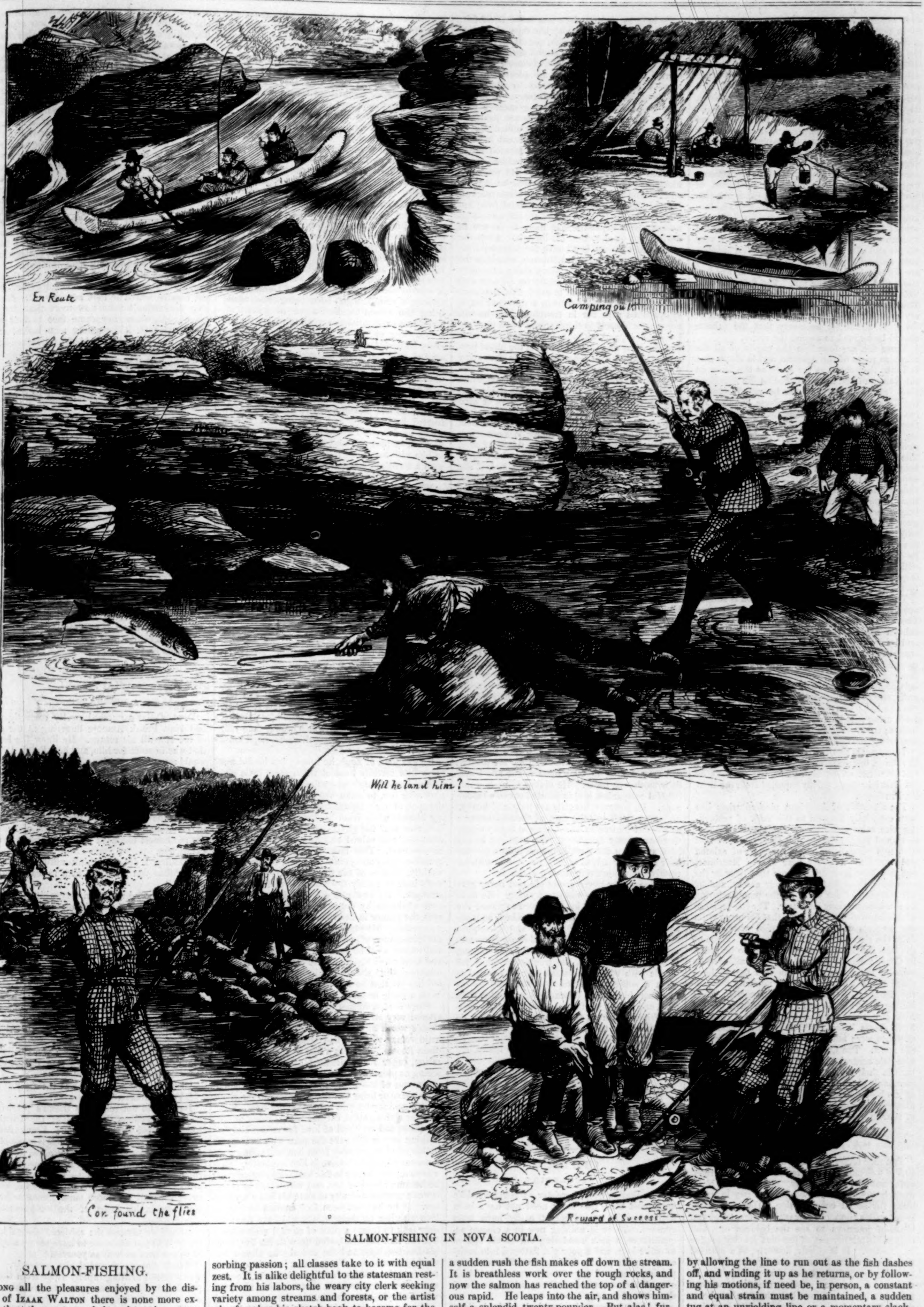

SALMON-FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

SALMON-FISHING.

AMONG all the pleasures enjoyed by the disciples of **IZAAK WALTON** there is none more exciting than the capture of the salmon by means of rod and line. Its delights have been descanted upon by numerous writers, and whole treatises have been published describing the minutiæ of the art. One enthusiastic author, writing of salmon-fishing in Scotland, says: "When the monarch of the Eastern world offered a reward for a new pleasure, had some philosopher in advance of his age shown him the joys of salmon-fishing, he would assuredly have been satisfied. Truly, all those who are once initiated into the sport find themselves possessed by a new and absorbing passion; all classes take to it with equal zest. It is alike delightful to the statesman resting from his labors, the weary city clerk seeking variety among streams and forests, or the artist who forsakes his sketch-book to become for the while a fisherman. Happy the latter when, on some chill October morning, while the autumn leaves rustle around him, he seeks his favorite river and finds it in good ply—rolling too strong and deep for even the steed of a Sir Isumbrass to ford. With a cunning hand he casts the fly where the stream eddies under an overhanging rock. There is a silver gleam under the water, and a swish that barely ruffles the surface. 'He's off,' cries the accompanying gillie. 'Trust me, I have him,' answers the joyful sportsman; and then with a sudden rush the fish makes off down the stream. It is breathless work over the rough rocks, and now the salmon has reached the top of a dangerous rapid. He leaps into the air, and shows himself a splendid twenty-pounder. But alas! further pursuit is difficult if not impossible. 'It will be going down the water he iss, whateffer,' cries the desponding gillie. In truth it is too often a likely contingency, and equally likely that among the foaming eddies a sharp stake or rock will supply him with his order of release."

The chief specialty in salmon-fishing as distinguished from other angling is the extreme vigilance and coolness required when the fish has been hooked. The rod must be kept at such an elevation as to bring its elasticity into play; and by allowing the line to run out as the fish dashes off, and winding it up as he returns, or by following his motions, if need be, in person, a constant and equal strain must be maintained, a sudden tug at an unyielding line or a momentary slackening being equally fatal. After struggling from a quarter to half an hour (sometimes, though rarely, for two or three hours) against a steady pull, a fish generally yields to his fate, and allows himself to be drawn into the shallow and landed. This is done either with the gaff, or the fisherman winds his line up within rod length, and, holding the top landward without slackening, seizes the fish with one hand by the root of the tail, and lifts, or rather slides, him head foremost on to the gravel or grass. The speed with which salmon can glide through the water in their most rapid movements is very great. It has been estimated that they can progress at the rate of 1500 feet in a minute, that is, 400 miles a day. But this rapidity is, of course, only sustained for a few moments, and their ordinary progress in ascending rivers is supposed to be from ten to twenty-five miles a day. The fish also nearly always prefer to lie for a time in some spot, waiting for a fresh flood in the stream. The perpendicular height which the salmon can pass over by leaping, when there is abundance of water in the river, and sufficient depth in the pool below the fall, seems to be not more than twelve or fourteen feet. They attempt higher leaps, but often fall back exhausted, or land on adjacent rocks, where they die or are captured. They do, however, rush up steep and broken cataracts of much greater height. The ascent of many rivers by salmon has been prevented by high weirs and other obstructions; but a very simple and effectual means of remedying this has been devised by fish stairs or fish ladders, which are formed by arranging rude steps of wood or stone that intersect the fall. The fish soon find out the ladder, and leap from one step to another. Thus the interests of manufacturers and of fishery proprietors are in some measure reconciled; for it is absolutely necessary that the salmon should be allowed to ascend the rivers.

These fish are found on the coasts of all the northern parts of the Atlantic, and in rivers that fall into that ocean as far south as the Loire on the European and the Kennebec on the American side. Slight differences can be noted between the European and American salmon, but they are not generally thought sufficient to distinguish them as different species. The salmon frequenting one river are, indeed, often characteristically unlike those of another river in the same vicinity. The preservation of these fish by means of ice being an invention of recent times, they never appeared on the luxurious tables of ancient Rome except dried or salted, although the excellence of their flavor was well known, the Romans having become acquainted with it in their Northern conquests. Salmon is in perfection for the table only when recently taken from the water, while the fatty "curd" remains between the flakes of its flesh, which, however, begins to disappear within twelve hours, although otherwise the fish is quite fresh. Hence the particularly high value formerly ascribed in London to Thames salmon.

Throughout Great Britain the salmon is singled out from all fish and protected by peculiar laws. Their chief object is to prevent the owners of salmon fisheries from fishing at certain times and by certain means. For this purpose a close season is declared, during which time any person catching a salmon is under the penalty of the law. All persons are prohibited from poisoning salmon rivers; from fishing with lights, spears, gaffs, stroke-halls, or snatches; from using fish roe as a bait; from buying or selling salmon roe; from using nets having meshes smaller than two inches; from using fixed engines, dams, or weirs; destroying young salmon, etc.

Thirty years ago the rivers of Maine abounded in salmon, but since the ascent to the head waters has been cut off by high dams, the markets of the East have been chiefly supplied from the British Provinces.

The attention of American pisciculturists has been especially directed to the work of restocking with salmon the rivers of Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, which formerly abounded with this royal fish. Great numbers of salmon were once taken every year in the Merrimac, but they have been driven from that river by the numerous dams that check their ascent, and by the pollution of the water by the manufacturing establishments along its course. The consequence of this improvidence has been that for many years our markets were chiefly supplied with salmon from the rivers of Maine and Canada. Some of the best American salmon-fishing is to be found in Canada East. Excellent sport is afforded by some of the rivers which run into the St. Lawrence below Quebec, and still more by those of the districts of Gaspé and Restigouche. Good fishing is also to be had in the northern part of New Brunswick, and on the southeast coast of Nova Scotia below Halifax, in which region our sketches were taken by an enthusiastic lover of the sport. The Canadian government exercises complete control of the principal salmon streams, both in their tidal and fluvial parts. Leases are commonly given for several years, and in the case of the best rivers, in the likelihood of a vacancy, numerous applicants bring influence of all sorts to bear in hope of securing the chance.

"A NICE FELLOW."

THE nice fellow flirts and dances to perfection, and is welcome at all entertainments; but then, unfortunately, he is rarely "eligible," for, if he were, it would not be necessary to pay in amiability for social consideration. He is an ideal lover, writes the most romantic letters, takes unheard-of journeys to see the beloved one, and coaxes his mother out of her best jewelry to give in presents. It is chiefly, however, as a married man that the nice fellow is worthy of a moment's consideration, appearances and reality are so curiously at variance. One constantly hears surprise expressed as to one lady that she can be so devoted to her husband, who in society is such a stupid bear; while the same observer can not understand why another lady seems so indifferent to her husband, who is universally popular. No one intimately acquainted with the private life of the two households would probably feel any such astonishment. A nice fellow as a husband retains his little endearing ways, particularly in public. He asks his wife if her feet are cold whether it is summer or winter, wraps her up in the hottest weather, and insists upon her eating when she is not in the least hungry.

So long as poverty does not make itself felt, things go smoothly enough; but then, alas! nice fellows are scarcely ever rich, nor do they always marry for money, as one might reasonably expect. They constantly allow themselves to be carried away by what they are pleased to call love—a sentiment which might by ill-natured people be described as a selfish fancy. However well good looks and a charming manner may grease the wheels of society, they are painfully inadequate to smooth away the difficulties of making both ends meet upon a small income. The nice fellow is careful to mix himself up as little as possible with the vulgar troubles of economical household management. He professes himself so bad an arithmetician that he can not add two and two together, so stupid about marketing that he does not know one animal from another when the fur or feathers are off, and so ignorant about expenses that there is no use in asking him to apportion his income. As to the allowance his wife is to have for household expenditure, he will consult Robinson, who is in the same office, and who has every thing admirably arranged at home. This might be all very well if he would allow himself to know that Robinson helps his little delicate wife in a thousand ways, sympathizes with her in troubles which he will not permit himself to think trivial while they are heavy to her, and, without making any fuss, finds out countless ways in which to gild the pill of poverty. But the nice fellow's theory is that every thing comes right if you let it alone and don't "bother." When his wife foolishly consults him about her difficulties, he tells her that she is morbidly anxious, and ought to have a glass of wine and lie down on the sofa, instead of agitating herself about nothing. When there is a bad cook in the establishment, a nice fellow does not grumble, but adjourns to the club or a friend's house, where he is always welcome. When he returns he has a good story to tell his wife, and, if she does not seem very much interested in his doings, wonders how she can give way to her temper when he finds it always easier to be pleasant.

With his children a nice fellow is sure to be as popular as with the outside world, for he does not make himself disagreeable by finding fault, except now and then when they do something personally exasperating. All early training, and particularly punishment, ought, he considers, to be in a mother's hands, and she alone should be responsible for the ultimate character of the children, as her influence must be so great. He is, however, always willing to be the giver of presents, or to arrange little treats, about which he will sometimes take a great deal of trouble. True, he never sat up with a child a single night in his whole life, nor would he remain in the room with a crying baby. It would be against his principles. Nor yet does he think it necessary to take any notice of the boys in the holidays, or to make impertinent investigations as to how the girls are getting on with their studies. What are tutors or governesses for if parents are to be troubled about education? It is much better to trust people, and then they are sure to do their best; every one dislikes interference. A nice fellow is always fond of his daughters if they are pretty, and very willing to take them about and leave their mother at home. He makes himself a delightful companion, and is pointed out as a model papa. If, however, his girls are ugly and heavy, he leaves them to take care of themselves, and establishes himself as escort in some family where there are pretty daughters. We must not be too hard upon him, for a really refined person can not bear any thing ugly or ungainly near him without positive pain, not even his own children.

A nice fellow never grows old and never gets more stupid than he was when young. He flirts mildly and calmly all his life, more to please the ladies, he says, than himself. Somehow he manages to retain his early friends and to acquire new ones, for he does not make ill-natured speeches, and is always ready to be useful and obliging to strangers. Indeed, the trouble he takes for people with whom he is scarcely acquainted is often a subject of some heart-burning to his unreasonable wife. When he dies, probably in debt, and leaving his family unprovided for, countless friends rush to the rescue. They must do something for the poor widow and children of such a nice fellow.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

POOR ZEPH!

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "SECOND-COUSIN SARAH," "HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IRRESOLUTION.

HAD Dudley Grey, barrister at law, been like unto most men, this story need not have been written, or its sequel might easily have been guessed. There is nothing new in a chance acquaintance, a man wandering out of his sphere to make love, and a poor girl flattered into indiscretion, perhaps into destruction. These are the passing events of a great city, the eternal shadows of the streets after the gas is lighted and the work of the day is over.

We have attempted an analysis of the feelings of Dudley Grey and Zeph Carrington, because both man and woman were ordinary mortals "with a difference." If they met and made love as thousands had done before them, without any heed to the codes of society, they were not able to regard it as a jest, or to part as easily as they had met, with no one the worse for the acquaintanceship. Dudley Grey, with whom we have particularly to do in this chapter, was tortured or blessed with a conscience. He was a man who knew he was on the wrong road, and who made one or two faint efforts to retrace his steps, and was unhappy altogether in his secret courtship. Many men whom he knew would have treated this matter lightly and laughingly, as a mere jest at which they would have expected a girl like Zeph to laugh also. They would not have believed in Zeph any more than they would have expected her—if she had not been quite a fool—to believe in them; and they would have turned away from her at a moment's notice, or without a moment's notice, and hardly given her another thought to their lives' end. Fresh faces, new flirtations, and the world only a merry-go-round, with no time to think of the troubles and aching hearts and bitter disappointments of a few in the great crowd.

Dudley Grey was new to the business. He had been a studious youth; he had been always proud and reserved; he had become engaged early in life to a lady whom he knew he respected, and whom he fancied that he loved, until this wild, strange passion had mastered him and shown him what love was. He knew now that his parents and friends had prompted him to this engagement, had told him what a good thing it was to secure the affections of Geraldine de Courcy, a stately, high-born being who would bring him fifteen hundred a year as a start-off, and whose expectations were wonderful. He was a lucky dog to hit the fancy of Miss De Courcy every body said, and as she was a beautiful woman and only two years his senior, he had never repined at his fate, or seen any thing to pine at until his philosophy was upset by a shop-girl.

What was to be done now it was difficult to say. He had gone of his own free-will into temptation; he had meant no evil; he had been attracted by the face and manner of a woman whom he thought it would be easy to say good-by to when he pleased; and the woman had turned to him with her whole heart, and believed in him with a force and passion which had changed the whole tenor of his life.

What *was* to be done? He thought of the whole position in his chamber night after night, day after day, with his work at a stand-still, and his brain oppressed by the truth. There were two good women on his mind, and he must break the heart of one of them—whose should it be? He was pledged to the lady; his interests, his future position in the world, his honor, were at stake here; but he did not love Geraldine de Courcy any longer. In her presence he felt that he was a hypocrite, weighed down by a lie as big as a millstone. And yet he would fling to the winds all his chances if he married Zeph Carrington; his friends would laugh at him, every body would laugh at him—one or two, like Frank Amoore, would pity him for being such a fool. And Zeph would not make him a good wife possibly; and Zeph's relations and friends! Great Heaven! to be dragged down to companionship with them, and to have for a father-in-law a man who was earning thirty-five shillings a week at a foundry! To be poor all his life for the sake of a delusion of this kind—a delusion which would fade and leave him the victim of a mésalliance—no, it must not be!

He was fond of Zeph, he knew; but he did not know how terribly fond of this quaint little girl he had become until he had made up his mind to part with her, to wean himself by degrees from the spell of her companionship. He was wrenching himself away from his better self in the effort, now that the girl looked up to him as to a demi-god, and valued him at a higher rate than he deserved. This task of dropping off by degrees—so easy an operation to men of the world, worldly, to men of the town, townly—was a giant's task to Dudley Grey, and beyond his moral strength. He awoke to the consciousness of his own weakness by degrees; the tears in Zeph's eyes, the tremor in her voice, at a chance word or a something that suggested a suspicion of a slight, the exuberance of spirits when he was his old self and looked as if he loved her, all told upon him and kept him irresolute. He could not make her unhappy while she trusted in him—he dared not tell her yet that he was undeserving of her trust. Wait a while he must.

Since the expedition to Epping Forest she had altered very strangely too; there was hardly an atom's worth of resemblance to the bright, pert little woman whom he had "chaffed" at the Grandison Rooms. She was a flirt then, vain of admiration, eager for excitement after work hours, seeing no pleasure in home, but finding her amusements out of it—a "fly-away" girl whom chance might save or bring to ruin, according to the good or evil genius who first influenced her life. Now she was a thoughtful, earnest being, proud of her conquest, and very full of love for it, thinking of nothing else in life save the man who had made up his mind to get away from her, and young and innocent enough to believe in him implicitly. She was so terribly happy in this half engagement that he became afraid of her, and with every meeting it was a greater difficulty to close his heart against her. If he had not been fool enough to fall in love with her, he thought, it would have been an easy task to frame a plan of eternal separation; but she had become bound up with his life, with his heart-strings, and the ordeal was almost beyond his strength. Yet he must leave it to time; he could do nothing hastily and cruelly, he reasoned, meaning, perhaps, that he could not part with little Zeph yet awhile.

To a girl more suspicious or less trustful than Zeph Carrington the actions of her lover might have suggested many grave doubts. They met always in secret. He shunned her home and her father. It was understood, she thought, that for a while, and for "family reasons," nobody should know what intimate friends they had become; all the truth was to follow presently, and when Dudley gave the signal to let in the brightness of her life upon the misty land wherein she stood with him. He did not talk of the future in this way; on the contrary, he carefully avoided any allusion to it now; but Zeph read it for herself, and thought she saw the end very clearly. She was afraid of his family and his friends; she knew they would look down upon her always, and think the worst of her that they could; and there was romance in all this secrecy and mystery, and she, poor child, was very young. This man was her first love, and he had come from a world of which she knew nothing. She would keep the secret for his sake; he surely knew what was best, and she was certain that he was very fond of her. If he had been "shamming," she would have known it in an instant, as a woman generally knows the true from the false in matters of this kind, and the very strength of his love for her added to the force of the delusion which deceived her. His fits of sadness were even in his favor, for in her presence there came stern feelings of remorse, which only her smiles could chase away. If he were dull, he had been worried by his family, she thought; somebody had been trying to persuade him to an expedition that would separate them for a time; somebody had seen them together, perhaps, and had been too curious with his questions.

Some one did come face to face with them at last. They were strolling home together from the theatre, where he took her very often for his own distraction's sake now more than for her amusement, when they came face to face with Frank Amoore. The young man looked from Dudley to Zeph, nodded to his friend, looked keenly at Zeph again, and passed on.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"A friend of mine."

"I have seen him somewhere," said Zeph. "Why, he came to the Grandison with you the first night we ever met!"

"Yes, that's right, Zeph. What a memory you have!"

Frank Amoore proved that he had a good memory also—one of those memories which are extremely objectionable to other folk at times. Dudley found him at the gate of Clement's Inn, waiting for him, later on in the night.

"Frank!" he exclaimed; "what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you," was the grave answer.

"Is any thing the matter?"

"I have been to the Bareblades'."

"Geraldine is not ill?"

"No. But she expected you this evening. You promised to be there."

"I only half promised."

"Is it too late to have a talk with an old friend in his room to-night?" asked Frank, seriously.

"Oh no," answered Dudley, "if there is any thing of importance to communicate."

"Well, I think there is."

"Come in, then."

CHAPTER VI.

A FRIEND'S OPINION.

DUDLEY GREY guessed pretty correctly what had kept Frank Amoore lingering at the gates of the Inn till his return. He knew the lecture that was in store for him, and how Frank Amoore would regard the position. He had lectured Frank in his day, proffered him wise counsel, talked a heap of worldly wisdom to him, and now it was the younger man's turn.

Dudley was unprepared, however, for the quick dash at the subject when they were face to face in his chambers, for the excitement of Amoore, for the honest but hard plain-speaking which escaped him.

"Dudley, I did not think until to-night," he said, "that you were the man to lead a woman to ruin."

Dudley turned red, then very white.

"Neither am I," was his answer.

"If you have not gone to the bad, or dragged that poor girl to the bad, you must be close upon the brink," said Frank; "and I am sorry to think this of you after all the years of our acquaintance."

"You are a true moralist," answered Dudley, mockingly; "you allow nothing for extenuating circumstances, for the romance of the position, for a man seeking change or distraction out of the narrow groove to which society confines him. You are hard on me, Frank; you should have known me better."

"I don't seem to have known you at all," said Frank, doubtingly. "Yours is a character far beyond my comprehension."

"I have done no harm," was the reply.

"Yes, you have."

Dudley did not relish his friend's persistency. It was exceeding the limits of the friendship which existed between them. Frank Amoore took a view of the position which it was not possible he could comprehend, and acted and spoke upon the suppositions he had himself created. Dudley was in no mood to continue the argument. He was slowly but surely feeling himself aggrieved; all the more surely, because he was conscious in his heart of the weakness of his own defense.

"Shall we dismiss the subject?" he said, coolly. "Will you allow me to have my own opinion in this matter as well as yourself?"

Frank Amoore regarded him earnestly. Here was a friend drifting rapidly away from the proprieties, and he had no power to save him, after all.

"I should have been glad to talk this over with you," he said, "to tell you about the Bareblades, and what they say and think of you; but you are irritable to-night, and not yourself."

"No, I am not myself," said Dudley, moodily, almost despairingly, "and I never shall be again."

"My dear Dudley, it is not too late? say it is not," cried Frank.

"I don't say it is too late," he answered, "for I have done no harm to the girl, Heaven knows. I have found her a pleasant companion and a dear friend, and I have respected her always. But I am not happy with her, and I can't be happy without her," he added, with a burst of passion that broke down all the self-restraint which he had endeavored to exhibit.

"You don't mean to tell me you are in love with the girl?" cried Frank, in his amazement.

"I am, by God!" cried Dudley Grey.

He got up and walked about the room like a wild beast in his den. Here was some one to confess the whole grim truth to at last, and with no fear of the world which would judge him presently more harshly than he deserved.

"Dudley," said his friend, "I am no saint; I don't look at this affair from the mountain-top of my own self-righteousness, and I am sure you have been foolish rather than wicked. I should not have thought too much of a flirtation of this character, dangerous as it may be, only—"

"Only what?"

"Only there is your engagement to Geraldine."

"Yes, I know," answered Dudley; "there is the misery of it all."

"You can't love both the women."

"Upon my soul I think I do, after their fashions," said Dudley, with a hard laugh at his own confession.

"No; it must be either Geraldine or the shop-girl," said the other, thoughtfully; "and as you are engaged solemnly to the one, and can not under any possibility marry the other, why, the sooner you say farewell to the shop-girl the better."

"Yes, it is wise advice," Dudley replied, sorrowfully, "and if it was not breaking a girl's heart, it might be done."

"Will you tell me what you mean to do?"

"I don't know," answered Dudley, helplessly.

"Be a man. Be the Dudley Grey whom I have always known," said the other, seizing his advantage; "save yourself and save the girl."

"Yes, I am going to do that, but—"

"But what?"

"But I must have time. I can't dash at her with a sledge-hammer, and crush every hope in her heart at one blow. I will not do that!" cried Dudley.

"You do not think of Geraldine in this matter," said Frank—"how she feels your absence, and becomes suspicious, jealous even, of the excuses which you are continually making to keep away from her."

"She can't suspect any thing."

"She is unhappy, Dudley. You have been engaged to each other for so long a time. Only think what you are doing," added Frank; "how badly you are behaving to both women."

"Yes, that's true," replied his friend; "I haven't much of a defense to urge, and you are so clearly on the right side of the argument that I will not trouble you with my answer. I can only say again, I have done no harm."

"But harm must come, unless," he said, bluntly, "you drop it."

"I'll drop it," said Dudley; "I had made up my mind before you spoke to me."

Then the two men shook hands on the strength of Dudley Grey's promise, and set the subject aside, for that night at least. They drank a glass of grog together, smoked a cigar, and parted the best of friends, although the topic which might have wrecked the confidence and faith of these old school-fellows had been discussed with some heat. When Frank Amoore had gone back to the hospital, Dudley thought it all over again in the solitude of his quiet chambers, and sketched out a feeble little plan or two for the general peace of mind of every body, without any great satisfaction to himself.

Was it too late? Had he gone too far, and was there never to follow happiness again? He was afraid so. He was afraid of Zeph—he did not see his way to confess to that little faithful woman that he had been a scamp from the first, and engaged to be married to another when he was professing his great affection for her. Not professing, for he was really and deeply in love, he was assured, and hence she had believed him and trusted in him. This was her reward—to be cast off as a something no longer worthy of his notice; to sink back to her own poor sphere with a heart full of bitterness against such men as he; to become desperate, or go wrong, perhaps, out of revenge upon herself, as many women had done before poor Zeph's day. He felt already that she was not the girl to treat the matter lightly—to get over it with a few hysterical tears and a shrug of her shoulders at the folly of it all. He had not been frank with her; he had never let her see one glimpse of a truth which might have put her on her guard, or separated her from him. There was the pity of it, and the cruelty and shame of it, and his confession was to come. Come it must, he knew now—there was no help for it. It would be one sharp wrench, and then all over for good—for very good, thank Heaven!

What life would be for a while without Zeph he did not clearly perceive, and he did not care to consider. He hardly knew himself how desperate a hold his passion had of him. He could not bear to think of her beginning life afresh without him, of meeting her no more at the corner of the street wherein her place of business was, of seeing her face grow radiant at the sight of his, and at the consciousness that he was there again to take her into the bright world beyond the four walls of her work-room. He tried hard to think of Geraldine de Courcy instead, and of his pledge to her; of her love, and his honor, or the little semblance of honor that was left in him. He knew he did not love Geraldine now, but he did not think of giving her up, of telling her the whole truth of his infatuation, and asking for that liberty which her wounded pride would assuredly be willing to accord. He was as selfish as most men, possibly. He could bear the pain of separation from the woman he loved better than the ridicule which would be hurled at him and the object of his choice. It was a stern sacrifice for him to give up Zeph, but he would rather his heart bleed than his friends should laugh at him. Burke was right when he said there was only one passion—vanity!

Yes, Dudley Grey was very weak—one of those weak beings with which the world is overstocked, unfortunately. He was far weaker than he knew, for meeting Zeph Carrington an evening or two later on, when he was full of the wise intention of telling her the truth, and asking her forgiveness for his duplicity, he hesitated once more and put off the day of his confession. She was so bright and happy, so intoxicated by the dangerous atmosphere in which every breath was drawn, that he could not tell her that night. He would tell her next time they met, he thought; he would write to her the truth; he would do any thing but own his folly then.

It was a mistaken kindness, and the last chance slipped by him.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THE OTHER SIDE THOUGHT OF IT.

Some four or five days after Dudley Grey's last meeting with Zeph Carrington—his last time of "keeping company with her," as Zeph phrased it—and before the opportunity had presented itself to meet her again, the barrister was disturbed and surprised one afternoon by two visitors to his rooms.

They came into Clement's Inn, and up the common staircase of the house in which he lodged, and startled him at his desk by a solemn ponderous dab with the knocker outside. He rose, opened the door, and stared at the two men, connecting them with an Old Bailey case which he had been studying of late days, until the consciousness that he was familiar with the features of the younger man dawned unpleasantly upon him.

"You know me again, Mr. Grey," said Ben, nodding his head toward him, but maintaining his stolid aspect. "I see you know me just as plain as I know you."

"Yes, I remember you," answered Dudley; then he looked hard at Ben's companion—a short, thick-set man, with great gray whiskers hanging in a ragged, unkempt fashion from his cheeks. Dudley knew who he was also, before the fact was made apparent to him, although the face was hard and rugged, and unlike Zeph's altogether. The man was in his factory dress, and had stolen an hour from his work to confront our hero in his home. Yes, Dudley knew who he was, and with what object he had come.

"This is Zeph's father," said Ben, by way of introduction.

"Indeed," responded Dudley, somewhat hoarsely. "Will you step inside? I hope," he added, slowly, "nothing has happened of any consequence to bring you here. Miss Carrington—she is well?"

"Something *has* happened," said Mr. Carrington in reply, and he and Ben followed Dudley into the room, "or I shouldn't have troubled you in this way, and without a warning like."

"Sit down," said Dudley; "don't hurry—take your time."

He did not wish to be hurried himself: it was he who wanted time to consider, to prepare for the crisis which had come to him at last, and which he was compelled to meet. He felt he must be on his guard, and not commit himself by any rash expression or promise to the father, with Zeph's old lover for a witness to every word he uttered. He felt even a little indignant, as though he had been led into a trap, and without fair warning, until the puzzled, pained look of Mr. Carrington subdued all sense of rage in him, and changed it into fear. It was a troubled face at which he glanced askance, and the first impression, that it was flushed with drink, took strength with every minute of the interview.

"I haven't much time to spare, and I don't want to take up too much of yourn," said Mr. Carrington; "but I am uneasy in my mind, Sir, and a word or two from you can set things straight, if they're ever to be straight again. Ben says they ain't."

"More they ain't," added Ben, in sullen chorus. "I know what men like him mean when they come after such girls as Zeph. We all know how that ends; we're not blind, any of us."

Dudley drew a long breath.

"Will you tell me what has happened?" he said to the father.

"Yes, I will. Zeph has got the sack," replied Mr. Carrington.

"Discharged from her employment!" exclaimed Dudley.

"And through you. That's the hardest part of it, Mr. Grey," said the father. "Through you."

"I can not see how I have been the means of—"

"Oh, it's easy told," interrupted Mr. Carrington; "they found out at her business she wasn't going on well—so they put it, mind you—and that she went about with a gentleman—that's you!—to all kinds of amusement, coming home at all hours—which I know myself, having to sit up for her; and they told her—God damn 'em!—what do you think they told her?" blurted forth the father.

"You need not repeat it," said Dudley; "I can guess what unjust folk would say to a defenseless woman. But they are in the wrong—completely in the wrong, I give you my word of honor."

"I don't want it," said Mr. Carrington, shaking his head to and fro in emphatic protest. "I don't want any body to tell me my gal isn't a bad un. I know in all London there isn't any one with less vice in her than Zeph. That's not it."

Dudley Grey knew that was not it, too; it was not the depth and extent of the motive which had brought Zeph's father to his room.

"She has chucked up the business. She did not care to be spoken to by the governors, and they said she'd better leave at once; and," added Mr. Carrington, "left she has."

"I am sorry she has been so hasty as this," Dudley murmured.

"Then me and her had some words, too, for I wasn't best pleased with it all, and said more than I meant, as people do when they're riled. And then," he continued, as he leaned forward, planted one grimy hand on each of his corduroy knees, and stared with grave intentness at the barrister, "she up and told me every think—who the gentleman was, and what he was, and where he lived, how he had been keeping company with her, oh! for ever so long, and was uncommon fond of her."

"And was going to marry her," added Ben, ironically.

"That's what I've called to ask about," said Mr. Carrington. "I told Zeph this morning I should come and talk to you straightforward like, and as man to man."

"What did she say to that?" asked Dudley, in a low tone.

"She said I might, and welcome. She could trust you, she said, to tell the truth. She would have come with me if I'd let her," he continued, "but I thought it was best for you and me to have this out together."

"Yes—no," said Dudley, irresolutely. "I wish she had come with you, I think."

"Why?"

"I could have explained the whole matter more clearly, perhaps," was his slow answer.

"What did I tell you?" growled Ben to his companion. "Didn't I say so? Can't you see what his game's been? Haven't I said so all along?"

"I will not have your interference," cried Dudley Grey, fiercely, at last; "it is no business of yours."

"Oh yes, it is," answered Ben, stolidly but boldly; "for, you see, if you hadn't stepped between me and Zeph, she would have been my wife by this time. I wanted her to be. I liked her awful."

"Hold your row, Ben," said Mr. Carrington, "and let me speak. It is my place, not yourn, to talk."

"Go it," muttered Ben; "but I ain't going to be told it's not my business."

"Let's get to the rights of it, or the wrongs of it," said Mr. Carrington; "that's what I have come for, Mr. Grey. What am I to make out of all this?—that my daughter ain't good enough for you, and never was? That you've thought it a fine thing to take her out and unsettle her for all our homely ways? That you've turned her head, and made her believe you're desperate in love with her, and you've never meant it all the time? That you would have ruined her if you could, and told your swell friends afterward you'd thrown another woman on the streets? That's it, now; own it like the scamp you are!"

Dudley Grey winced beneath these hard words, and the shame of his position burned red into his face. He might have expected to be judged like this by one whose heart was in his child's good name and fame. He was judged unmercifully, but it was natural the man should think in this way, and disbelieve any statement he might attempt in extenuation of his conduct. Extenuation! it was beyond him. He made the attempt, however.

"Mr. Carrington, you do me an injustice," he said; "you think too badly of the position altogether. I have never had a thought against your daughter's happiness—never one thought of doing her an injury. I have been very weak and foolish—your daughter has become a dear friend of mine—I have the most profound esteem for her; I would die rather than a word should be breathed against her."

"They are talking of her already; all the young women at the business—not one-half of them as good as she is—are picking her to pieces; they have torn her character to rags; they will speak of her soon in our street, where the story will come round sharp enough. Now you have done her all this harm, but you don't say how you propose to set it right."

"What can I do?"

"What Zeph told me you meant to do, what you have led her to expect all this while," said Mr. Carrington—"marry her."

"I would do it to-morrow if it were in my power, but it isn't," said Dudley.

"Meaning you are married already, perhaps?"

"No, I am not married. I am engaged. I—but I will write to your daughter—I will explain every thing, and she will understand me and forgive me. For God's sake, leave me!" Dudley entreated. "I am wretched; don't you see that?"

"I don't care a damn for your wretchedness," said Mr. Carrington, bluntly. "What's it to me? What are you but a man who would have led my girl wrong if you could?"

"On my soul—no!"

"'Pon my soul, yes!" cried Mr. Carrington. "These things don't stop when you like—it's all down hill—and you meant to drag her into the ditch at the bottom. It's the way of half of the devils of your sort that skulk about the streets to disgrace poor girls, whose ignorance makes it easy work. I have had your answer."

"Not yet. I will write a letter to Zeph at once."

"Don't trouble yourself," said her father; "I should not let her read it. I can go home and tell her in half a dozen words she was wrong and I was right in what we said of you this morning."

"No, no, don't tell her any thing; pray let me write to her," urged Dudley.

"Are you going to say you will marry her?" Carrington asked as he rose.

"I am going to relate the whole story of my position—to explain to—"

"That 'll do; I don't choose she shall see it, or see you ever again. Come, Ben, let us leave this *gentleman*," he said.

They walked slowly from the room; they went away without another word; and Dudley was thanking Heaven for their departure, when the flushed face of the father peered round the door again.

"I may as well tell you what I think of you before I go. I sha'n't be easy without," said Zeph's father.

"Spare me, please," replied Dudley, in feeble protest; "I think badly enough of myself, without your hard words. I know what you think of me—and have a right to think."

"I can't help saying—and I feel bound to say it—you've acted like an infernal scoundrel from the first. That's all." And having expressed himself thus forcibly, Mr. Carrington went back with the news to poor Zeph.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THANKSGIVING.

THEN AND NOW.

Thanksgiving-day a year ago
  A bachelor was I,
Free as the winds that whirl and blow,
  Or clouds that sail on high;
I smoked my meerschaum blissfully,
  And tilted back my chair,
And on the mantel placed my feet,
  For who would heed or care?

The fellows gathered in my room
  For many an hour of fun,
Or I would meet them at our club
  For cards, till night was done.
I came or went as pleased me best,
  Myself the first and last.
A year ago! ah! can it be
  That freedom's age is past?

Now here's a note just come from Fred:
  "Old fellow, will you dine
With me to-day, and meet the boys,
  A jolly number—nine?"
Ah! Fred is quite as free to-day
  As just a year ago,
And ignorant, happily, I may say,
  Of things I've learned to know.

I'd like—yes, if the truth were known—
  I'd like to join the boys;
But then a Benedick must learn
  To cleave to other joys.
So here's my answer: "Fred, old chum,
  I much regret— Oh, pshaw!
To tell the truth, I've got to dine
  With—my dear mother-in-law!"

A RECONNOISSANCE NEAR PLEVNA.

The net seems to be closing in around Osman Pasha. During the last week in October the Russians made great progress in the business of investing Plevna by capturing the villages of Dubnik and Telische. These two places, which a year ago were unknown hamlets, have lately become strategic posts on the main road which leads from Sophia to Plevna, and form the line of supply and re-enforcement to the latter place. Along this road Dubnik lies about twelve and Telis about twenty miles distant from the stronghold of Osman Pasha. They had both been intrenched and fortified, in order to secure places of shelter for the convoys from Orchanieh.

The capture of Dubnik took place on the 24th of October. On the morning of that day the Second Division of the Russian Guards was ordered to move forward from their positions on the Lovcha road and attack the place. They found the Turks very strongly fortified, but after a desperate conflict carried the position at the point of the bayonet, capturing 3000 prisoners, and killing and wounding the rest of the 5000 men holding the place. A pasha was taken prisoner, and with him one of Osman Pasha's staff officers, who was at Dubnik superintending the construction of some additional fortifications. The Russian loss was about 3000 killed and wounded. Four days later a brigade of the First Division of the Guards was sent against Telis, on the road to Sophia, south of Dubnik; but this force, being too weak for the task assigned to it, was repulsed with a loss of about 1000 killed and wounded; so that the Russian losses in the two affairs are about equal to those of the Turks. These victories, together with one or two others less important which have been faithfully recorded in our news column, have had the effect of making the environment of Plevna by the Russians almost complete.

Every where the siege seems to be progressing favorably. The autumn rains have apparently come to an end, and the weather of late has been exceptionally fine. There can be no doubt that the position of Osman Pasha is becoming more and more critical, and that the stores of provisions and ammunition are diminishing at a rate that must cause the Turkish commander great uneasiness. Not long ago the report was circulated that the troops were reduced to a ration of one pound of bread, and though little reliance can be placed upon the tales of deserters, the fact that there are deserters implies that some rats have deemed it advisable to abandon the sinking ship. As was suggested when Marshal Bazaine was invested within Metz, so now it has been suggested that Ghazi Osman should break out of Plevna and endeavor by cutting his way through the investing forces to secure the safety of his army. He has a more favorable opportunity to do so than was ever offered to the French